

Journal, 1907.

Journal  
1907  
Nov.







Concord, Mass.

1907

Jan'y 1

Clear, calm, very mild the thermometer rising to 50°. A heavy rain yesterday has taken off nearly all the snow, there is little or no frost left in the ground, the river, brooks

Wm. Brewster has checked the Bethel and Umbagog notes in this volume for 1907. I have copied them into Systematic Notes.

Walter Deane, November 13, 1907.

There are several field pages, written for my introduction to Birds Umbagog R., which have not been copied as yet. W. D. (March 1908)

many of the city over in October. Thus the conditions have been during the C. to attend the funeral of Florence Emerson Forbes. It was at 3 o'clock. At 3.45 C. and I went back at the Lowell R. R. station with half an hour to wait for our return train. We strolled down the track a short distance to a point which commanded a good view of Mieh Brook Meadows and the brook, open river beyond. As we were standing here, enjoying the soft, warm air and bright sunshine a flock of about forty Crows appeared flying over us towards the north-west. I feel sure that we had passed that way before, for we had walked from the Emersons' without noticing any, but this flock was followed by a succession of others the flight lasting nearly half an hour but apparently quite easy before we took our train at 4.20 P. M. The flocks succeeded one another at very regular intervals each, as a rule, coming into view in the south-east just as its predecessor was passing out of sight left the valley of the Amoset nearly in the direction of Amesbury Hill. There were a few straggling birds but not many west of the bodies being compact & containing from thirty to fifty or sixty birds each. With the help of Mr. & Mrs.



Concord, Mass.

1907

Jan 1

Clear, calm, very mild the thermometer rising to 50°. A heavy rain yesterday has taken off nearly all the snow, there is little or no foot left in the ground, the river, brooks and some of the ponds are open and many of the city lawns are almost as green as they were in October. Thus after a rather cold month of December the conditions have changed to nearly those which obtained during the remarkably mild January of last year.

I went to Concord to-day with C. to attend the funeral of Florence Emerson Forbes. It was at 3 o'clock. At 3.45 C. and I were back at the Lowell R. R. station with half an hour to wait for our return train. We strolled down the track a short distance to a point which commanded a good view of Miel Brook Meadows and the brook, open river beyond. As we were standing here, enjoying the soft, warm air and bright sunshine a flock of about forty Crows appeared flying over us towards the north-west. I feel sure that we had passed that way before, for we had walked from the Emersons' without noticing any, but this flock was followed by a succession of others the flight lasting nearly half an hour but apparently quite easy before we took our train at 4.20 P. M. The flocks succeeded one another at very regular intervals each, as a rule, coming into view in the south-east just as its predecessor was passing out of sight left the valley of the Anasota nearly in the direction of Amesbury Hill. There were a few straggling birds but not many west of the bodies being compact & containing from thirty to fifty or sixty birds each. With the help of Mr. & Mrs.



Concord, Mass.

1907

Jan'y 1  
(No 2)

Bridges who joined us soon after the flight began, counted all the Crows that passed within sight as accurately as we could the result being 595 birds. As all the flocks passed nearly over us and as no Crows were seen in the distance to the north-west or south-west it is safe to conclude that the bulk of the flight at this point was, on this occasion, a narrow and well-defined one and that we noted about all the birds which composed it. That they were going to town roosting place is almost equally certain. This may have been at a considerable distance for as the birds passed beyond our hear they were all keeping steadily on their way. Most of them flew at an elevation of about one hundred yards. This is the first instance that has ever crossed under my observation at Concord of a well-ordered and coordinated flight of Crows moving at evening in any direction other than that of an evident line of migration. These birds could not have been migrating, of course, most of them come, no doubt from <sup>on the</sup> sea coast for only a very few Crows are accustomed to spend the winter in Britain or Concord.

Mrs. Bridges tells me that six pairs of Barn Swallows bred last summer in her. Mason's barn at Melcher's corner, Concord building their nests on the rafters in the barn just as Barn Swallows do. She has five swallow nests in this barn in the summer of 1905. Mr. Mason values the birds & keeps a window open all summer so that they may enter and leave the barn at will however.

Barn Swallows  
nesting on  
rafters  
inside a  
barn.



Concord, Mass.

1907

Jan'y 1

(No 3)

I learned to-day from Mrs. Bridge that two pairs of Purple Martins nested last summer in the garret at Hilditch's Corner, Concord, on Capt. Dalling's place I think the birds. There was a single pair there (or perhaps in Mr. Messon's grounds on the opposite side of the road) in 1905 but no Martins nested in this locality in 1904.

A still larger number of Martins bred in the village of Concord in 1906. On September 9<sup>th</sup> of this year Mr. Reginald Hulse Howe Jr. wrote me as follows: "I met Samuel Howe on my way back from your attractive cabin, and he told me that at least six pairs of Martins nested in his barn last spring - he could not be sure of how many more but at least that number. This is about what I should have guessed from his brother Joel's remarks" (of which Mr. Howe had previously said something to me).

Under date of September 11, 1906 Mr. Howe wrote again as follows: "I have just stopped at Dalling's on my way home from town. He had at least two pairs in the southern garret. They came later in May and raised their young brownly. Mr. Messon opposite had one pair. Does not their coming so late suggest new birds for the colony?"

Return of  
the Martins  
to Hilditch's  
Corner, Con-  
cord

This return  
to the  
village of  
Concord.

Further  
notes on  
the colony  
at Hilditch's  
Corner.



Bethel, Maine.

1907.

Jan'y 19

Canada Nuthatches are common in the Glen Woods just at present, associating with Chickadees (of both species) and with Golden-crowned Kinglets. I seldom find more than two of the Nuthatches together, however. They were very noisy this forenoon (10-11.30). Twice I heard two performing what seemed to an antiphonal duet, one bird uttering the usual nasal whining, the other a kee-kee-kee etc. given rapidly and practically without cessation for minutes at a time and sounding at a distance very like the boelling of a Red Squirrel. These kee notes, however, are really softer and more evenly continuous than are the coughing ones of the Squirrel as I had ample opportunity for determining this morning by actual comparison. I watched one of the Nuthatches as it uttered almost incessantly for several minutes in response to the boelling of another concealed not far off in dense evergreen foliage. The bird I saw was perched on the topmost spine of a tall living Balsam when it sat rather erect turning its head from side to side, jerking its tail and flitting its wings, with great animation. The duet just described ~~was~~ antiphonal in the sense that one bird invariably used a distinctly different set of <sup>notes</sup> from those given by the other. Both birds, however, were usually calling at the same time. They seemed very excited and eager. The Chickadees with them showed no unusual excitement.

✓  
Two Canada  
Nuthatches  
engaged in  
a vocal  
duet.



Bethel, Maine.

1907.  
Jan'y 21

Parus  
hudsonicus

A mixed flock that lingered long about a sunny opening in dense, well-grown woods (the "Glen Woods") of Balsam, aspen, spruce and white pine, contained four Hudsonian Chickadees, five Common Chickadees, two Golden-crested Kinglets, a ♂ Canada Nuthatch and a ♂ Hairy Woodpecker. A long cock called over us for away and down Redpolls flew over at frequent intervals. I had a good opportunity to watch the Hudsonian Chickadees at close range in a clear loggia and stayed with them for half-an-hour or more making the following notes: For a time they kept high up in the tops of some tall balsams working among the cones apparently extracting and eating the seeds. The Nuthatch was with them here for several minutes but the Black-caps Chickadees remained lower down. The Hudsonians differed from the Black-caps as follows: - They were much less noisy (often passing minutes at a time in absolute silence); they seldom hung head downward; they hopped and flitted among the branches more actively and ceaselessly, spending less time in our flesh; their shorter tails were less in evidence; they flitted their wings much more with a more nervous, tremulous motion very like that of Kinglets; the black patch on the throat was less conspicuously shown; they appeared shorter, "chubbier" and fluffier; the chestnut brown on the flanks was very apparent. Altogether they seemed to me less attractive and interesting than the Black-caps. In their manner of flitting ceaselessly from twig to twig, as well as by the tremulous motion of their wings, they reminded me very forcibly of Kinglets. I heard the up-skip tek-day, day a few times and the abrupt tek-tek once. They did not once give the low soft chip so constantly uttered by the Common Chickadee.







Bethel, Maine

Varying  
Hare.

1907  
Jan'y 22

As I was crossing a sunny opening in dense evergreen woods this forenoon my attention was caught by a dark spot on a snow bank, under an overhanging drift. It looked at first glaze like a large, lustreous black berry suspended just above the surface of the snow.

As I gazed at it intently I made out by slow degrees first the shadowy outlines of a pair of erect ears and finally those of the entire head and body of a large Varying Hare in full winter pelage. It was a picture drawn in white on a still whiter background. The creature's general coloring looked distinctly if not faintly yellowish against the absolutely pure white of the fresh fallen snow. Its fur showed shadowy modeling in places as if it had roughly combed. The only coloring not white nor yellowish, however, was that of the ears which were grayish in places and of the partially concealed feet which were largely brownish.

For several minutes the Hare or "Rabbit" remained in a crouching posture and absolutely motionless save for the regular pulsating "winking" of its nose. At length I approached it slowly to within three yards when it first raised itself slightly by a convulsive movement of its long, scrawny legs and then darted off at full speed skimming the deep soft snow without seeming to sink into it in the least, moving with incredible ease and swiftness and without the slightest audible sound. At times when it was still in full, unobstructed view I had difficulty in tracing its course so perfectly did its coloring match that of the snow but whenever it passed a tree trunk or a drooping mass of dark evergreen foliage its



Bethel, Maine

1907

Jan'y 22  
(No 2.)

fleeting form would show for an instant with startling distinctness. It ran nearly straight away until lost to sight following ridges and open glades and avoiding the windfalls and bushes by which they were bordered. Judging by their tracks in the snow these Hares are much given to keeping in well beaten and unobstructed trails during their nocturnal wanderings but they frequently diverge from such paths when in search of food. They do not appear to often bark trees or shrubs, at least in the woods, but by looking closely one can quickly find where they have nibbled off many small terminal branches and twigs. This, I am convinced by long observation, is their habitual and characteristic manner of feeding in winter.

( On January 31<sup>st</sup> I again visited the place where the Hare was started on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. On this second occasion I found it within a few yards of where it was seen on the first but so concealed by the top of a bush that had been bent down by the snow that I did not discover it until it started to run. I have had similar experiences in former years and I believe that as a rule (but certainly not invariably) these Hares are in the habit of spending the day in the same places. It is exceptional, I think, for them to do this in open ground and they are especially given to concealing themselves under fallen tree tops and in dense brush. )



Bethel, Maine.

1907  
Jan'y 28

The winter snow storms in this region are seldom accompanied by much wind. In the woods the snow-flakes, whether large and moist or small and dry, fall mostly straight, lodging in thick masses or lines of delicate, powder tracing on the branches and twigs of the trees. The heavier storms are usually followed closely by violent north-west winds which soon strip the trees and send the snow wheeling and eddying in mist-like wreaths to new and often distant resting places. In deciduous woods and among evergreens with crowded tops and scarce under foliage most of the snow sifts down to the ground and is evenly distributed there remaining later into the spring than it does in exposed wind-swept fields and pastures. But under dense, vigorous, low-branching species and balsams which grow in sheltered places in the woods either apart from other trees or surrounded by those which possess no foliage in winter the snow seldom accumulates to any considerable depth, even after the heaviest storms. Beneath such trees one may occasionally find small patches of bare ground in midwinter and in early spring the entire circular space beneath the drooping lower branches is often quite free from snow. When but little if any of the surface of the earth in the open country has been as yet covered. When I was in Bethel in March, 1904, the first long showers on arriving from the South appeared in the depths of the woods under trees such as those above described. I have never known this to happen in Massachusetts when in early spring the snow invariably lies deeper and later than beneath dense evergreens than on open slopes & ridges.



Bethel, Maine

1907.  
Jan'y 30

✓  
Goshawk  
Partridge

Two of the ladies at Dr. Gehring's reported seeing a quantity feathers scattered about on the ground in the Glen Woods, yesterday. The Doctor and I went there to investigate the matter this morning. We found the story of a woodland tragedy with large and clear, with much interesting detail, in the deep, dry snow. Under a large white pine with dead lower branches were seven primaries, two secondaries and a few body feathers of a Ruffed Grouse, scattered over a space of five or six square yards. All of these feathers had been pulled out. Among them was a single bluish wing covert of an adult Goshawk, and three hard-frozen lumps of hawk excrement chalky and porous on the outside with cylindrical cores of dark, solid matter. These signs showed convincingly, of course, that a Goshawk had perched for sometime in the pine and that it had at least partially plucked a Partridge while there. The comparatively fewer number of feathers of the Partridge and the entire absence of any fragments of flesh or of blood stains suggested that that Hawk may have taken its victim to some other place before eating it.

Beginning some sixty yards from the pine and ending within thirty feet of it, after winding through a dense thicket of young balsams, was a curious and most interesting trail. That it had been made by the Hawk and Partridge in combination was evident but exactly how this had been accomplished was not so clear. Apparently the Hawk after striking down the Partridge had alternately ridden it through and carried it just above the surface of the snow. When it had ridden it there was a deep furrow with evenly spaced



Bethel, Maine

1907.

Jan'y 30  
(No 2.)

<sup>N</sup>  
Goshawk  
+  
Partridge

Partridge tracks at the bottom showing that the Partridge had been able to make frequent if not continuous use of its own feet. That its progress had been more or less assisted by the Hawk was indicated by the occasional imprints of the latter's big, broad wings on both sides of the furrows. In several places these showed with remarkable distinctness the outline of the wide-spread primary quills. The size and shape of the wing prints indicated a large Goshawk, no doubt a female. Every few yards the trail ended to begin again a little further on. It was not wholly lost over the intervening spaces for even here the snow showed marks of the Hawk's wings and occasionally of its tail feathers, also. Curiously enough there were no feathers, nor blood spots nor any obvious signs of struggle anywhere along this interrupted trail. Indeed had it not been for the unusual depth of the furrows and for the unmistakable marks of the Hawk's wings I should have concluded that the Partridge had alternately waded through and flitted over the snow to the point where the trail ended and that it had then been seized and carried up into the pine by the Hawk. In this connection I may note that Henry Lawrence told me that a Goshawk which he shot at Concord last November & which is now in my collection dealt very awkwardly with one of his roosters which it had pounced upon in the woods near his house. After riding this fowl about for several minutes and plucking a quantity of feathers from its back it left it lying prostrate on the ground. The rooster was so slightly injured that it quickly recovered its full strength & vigor.



1907,

Bethel, Maine.

January.

- 1907 Bethel, Maine  
 Capt. J. W. Eaton
- January 19
1. *Parus atricapillus*. 19<sup>(3)</sup> 20<sup>(2)</sup> 21<sup>(6)</sup> 29<sup>(3)</sup>
  2. " *hudsonius* 19<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>(2)</sup> 30<sup>(2)</sup>
  3. *Sitta canadensis* 19<sup>(2)</sup> 20<sup>(1)</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 30<sup>(2)</sup>
  4. *Regulus satrapa* 19<sup>(2)</sup> 20<sup>(2)</sup> 21<sup>(3)</sup> 29<sup>(2)</sup>
  5. *Pinicola canadensis* 19<sup>1</sup> 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>
  6. *Bonasa u. togata* 19<sup>1</sup> 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 30<sup>1</sup>
  7. *Arctia fam. americana* 21<sup>1</sup> seen in  
Green Woods.
  8. *Acanthis linaria* 21<sup>(3)</sup> 22<sup>(1)</sup> 29<sup>(3)</sup> 30<sup>(5)</sup> 31<sup>(6)</sup>
  9. *Carpodacus pilatus* 21<sup>1</sup> seen  
in woods.
  10. *Dryobates villosus* 21<sup>1</sup> dense  
in woods.
  11. *Acanthis l. rostrata*? 30<sup>1</sup> by R. H. H. H.  
in (well or 6) of usual down.  
It looked as if as Purple Finch.  
Its flight chattering & song call  
were both louder than those of  
the other birds. I got my nose at  
✓ 12. *Arctia atricapilla*? Marks in snow below  
a large house had killed & dropped  
a *Pontoporeia* finally eating it up with  
a firm & plucking it there.



Although I have never seen Lake Umbagog  
in winter or early spring I am not without some  
knowledge of the conditions which exist there at  
these seasons. This is ~~derived partly~~ <sup>from</sup> what Upton  
people have told me but still more largely from  
personal observations made at Bethel where I  
stayed at the house of my friend Dr. J. G. Gehring  
from December 3, 1900 to March 9, 1901; from  
February 12 to March 26, 1904; and from  
January 18 to February 1, 1907. During these  
visits I kept a daily record of the weather, of  
the maximum and minimum readings of the  
thermometer, and of everything interesting that  
I noted in the woods and fields where I  
spent much of my time rambling about on  
snow shoes. In the village I frequently

met and talked with unknown, friendly and those  
who had just been down from the top of the  
mountain. They told me that the snow was deep and cold here.

Then they told me that the snow was not so deep as  
they had been told. It was only a few inches  
deep rather than a foot and there was no  
wind. I was told of the snow, but I  
later found it was not so deep as I had been  
told. It was only a few inches deep.

It must be confessed that I began my first winter  
at the latter place with some misgivings for I decided  
the cold and such woods as were within easy reach  
of the village did not seem likely to offer many  
attractions when deeply buried in snow. But as to  
the happenings in such cases my apprehensions proved quite  
groundless. Indeed I soon found that out-of-door life



at Bettel in midwinter is full of interest and pleasure and seldom attended by any hardship really worth mentioning. Although the thermometer frequently registers ten or fifteen and occasionally twenty-five or even thirty degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) the air is so pure and dry and so totally free from chill that it does not often seem cold, at least when the sun is shining brightly and there is little or no wind. In January and February there are many brilliantly clear and comparatively calm days when, with the temperature not much if at all above zero, one may ramble in perfect comfort through the woods and fields wearing no overcoat and perhaps no gloves although the ears must be kept covered else they will freeze quickly. The more perfect days of the "weather breake" type are frequently followed by

snow storms. There are usually windless or nearly so and very pleasant to be out in for they add a new interest to the scenery of the open country and invest the evergreen woods with a beauty and a mystery rarely if ever equaled under any other conditions. But after the snow has ceased falling and when the clouds are breaking away the north-west wind is likely to rise and to increase in strength until it blows a living gale. This may last for two or three successive days and nights. During its continuance one must wear heavy clothing and walk briskly to keep even moderately warm when traversing exposed roads and fields: In the depths of the forest, especially where spruces, firs and balsams abound, the wind is comparatively little felt near the ground but it fairly rages through the tree tops tossing them to and



fro and filling the air with a confusing medley of  
roaring, whistling, creaking and snapping sounds.

One sees few birds in such weather except in very  
sheltered places.

The discomfort caused by these nor-westers  
is undeniably but compensated for in large measure  
by the interest one is ~~likely~~ <sup>compelled</sup> to take in watching  
the transformations which they effect in the  
winter landscape. For whenever the wind has free  
sweep it deals promptly and unscrupulously with  
the fine, dry, newly fallen snow. This is stripped  
from the trees and bushes so quickly that belts  
of forest which only a few moments before were  
~~was~~ completely shrouded in white and scarcely  
distinguishable at a distance from bordering treeless  
country, become very noticeable. The spine-shaped

spices and balsams now stand out everywhere in bold relief and the full-topped white pines look almost black against the snow or sky while the myriad intertwining twigs and branches of the deciduous trees combine to form a distinct if but lightly sketched tracery delicately tinted with smoky gray and grayish brown. As the gusts increase in violence and frequency they literally tear the snow from the surfaces of the fields and pastures until the air is filled with it, perhaps to a height of hundreds of feet for some of it comes from elevated ridges or even mountain tops and is swept for miles before settling to earth again. Thus <sup>thin</sup> paper-like wreaths, blushing with rose and salmon when the sun's rays strike through them, are constantly scudding overhead casting light, flitting shadows on the ground at our feet.



The low driving snow piles up in mounds and ridges where it meets with obstructions such as fences, stone walls & banks. Some of the drifts are many feet in depth and almost as hard and close-grained looking as fine marble. The wind works ceaselessly at them while it lasts, modeling and deepening them into exquisitely beautiful forms and curves. They may retain their beauty for a week or more but ordinarily it is obscured by another snow fall or ruined by a thaw, in the course of a few days.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907  
March 11

Brilliantly clear with light W.-wind. Despite the bright, strong sunlight the thermometer did not rise very much above freezing. The nights continue cold and the ever lengthening days afford almost the only signs obvious to dwellers in our city that Spring is near at hand.

Backward  
Spring.

An unmistakable sound of every Spring was heard early this forenoon, however, by Walter Deane. This was the "shouting" of a Flicker. The bird uttered seven notes in quick succession and then became silent. It was in the large tree on the Smiths place, North Street.

The ground in our gardens and lawns is still covered with snow to the depth of nearly a foot and the streets are thickly covered in ice. I have heard of no crocuses, snow-drops or other early Spring flowers as yet.

Mr. James reports seeing a Robin on Feb. 24 and a Bluebird on February 28, at Concord.

On the morning of March 10<sup>th</sup> Walter Deane found 13 Black Ducks and 3 Gooseanders in Fresh Pond. They were swimming in a rather large space of open water about the fountain, the remainder of the pond being covered with thick ice. Two of the Gooseanders were adult males in full nuptial plumage.

Gooseanders  
in Fresh  
Pond.



Cambridge, Mass.

1907  
March 12<sup>th</sup>  
18<sup>th</sup>

Up to March 12<sup>th</sup> there had been no abatement in the rigor of a very cold and snowy winter and the only obvious sign of the approaching spring was that afforded by the ever lengthening hours of day light and the steadily increasing warmth of the sun rays. The flying continued excellent, the sidewalks were still covered in ice and the city lawns and gardens were buried under a foot or more of dry snow. On the 12<sup>th</sup> the weather moderated and the temperatures have been above freezing (except at night) most of the time since which on the 17<sup>th</sup> it rose to 56°. Under the combined influence of mild temperatures, bright sun and a warm rain which began on the 13<sup>th</sup> and continued through the 14<sup>th</sup>, the snow and ice disappeared rapidly yet without at any time flooding the streets. By the evening of the 17<sup>th</sup> most of the ground was bare and by that of the 18<sup>th</sup> there was but little snow or ice to be seen while the lawns were distinctly green, the sidewalks perfectly dry and the plants even dusky in places.

Change  
from  
winter to  
early spring

At a Natural Club meeting held on the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup> several observers who have been constantly in the field of birds agreed that there had been no marked change in the bird life up to the 17<sup>th</sup>. On that day there was a considerable flight of early spring birds and on the next a notable "rush" of them. During these two days Robins, Blue birds, Song Sparrows and Red-wings arrived in large numbers and on the second day a few Fox Sparrows, Cow-Blackbirds and Rusty Blackbirds, besides two Phoebe, were noted. All these birds were observed in or near Cambridge. Only one of them appeared in our garden - a Robin which I saw & heard calling in our catalogue tree just as it was getting dark on the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup>.

A sudden  
rush of  
early spring  
migrants.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907

March  
11-15

During this period a Screech Owl has been seen frequently in or near the Washington elm by Mr. J. W. Ames's son "Johanne". Usually it has been observed high in the branches looking out from the entrance to a hole in a decayed branch.

On one occasion, however, it was perched on the cornice of one of the Radcliffe College buildings. Some "town boys" finally dislodged it and drove it about from place to place putting it under snow-balls, but it always returned at evening to the old elm.

On the evening of the 15<sup>th</sup> (at 6.20 P.M.) Miss Catherine Thompson heard it uttering the low, rolling, monotonous notes which I heard so frequently near our house in February a month or more than year ago and which Chapman and Forbush assure me are the low notes of the species. Miss Thompson described them to me so perfectly that I recognized them at once. She said they came from the direction of the Washington elm (she was at the Hayes' house on Phillips Place at the time) but she did not see the bird.

Screech Owl  
in the  
Washington  
elm

Low notes  
of the  
Screech Owl



Cambridge, Mass.

1907

April 2

After six successive days (March 25-30) of clear and, for the season, warm weather the seventh day (31<sup>st</sup>) was cloudy and cool but not frosty. The eighth day (April 1<sup>st</sup>) was colder still with a north-east snow storm which had covered the ground (although most of the snow melted as it fell) to the depth of two or three inches by night.

Early this morning the sun rose clear to shine on a wintry landscape for the thermometer stood at 28° and the earth was everywhere covered in glistening white. When I reached the Museum I found assembled in our garden such a horde of migratory Sparrows as I have not seen there before for more than twenty-five years. It was impossible to count them accurately but the results of many attempted counts convinced Mr. Deane and me that there were not less than 40 ♂ of Sparrows, 8 or 10 Juncos and 3 Song Sparrows.

They remained in the Garden all that day and on the next day their numbers were not greatly diminished. Where came they? Not from the south I think for the night of the 1<sup>st</sup> was not one to tempt birds of any kind to move northward. At first I suspected they might have been driven into town from the Sparrow country but I learned later that on this same day they were still more numerous at Ball's Hill, Concord, and that upwards of 100 were seen (by Will. Stone) in a vacant lot at the rear of the old Providence R.R. Station in Boston. (Stone says that most if not all these birds he saw were Juncos & Song Sparrows).

Cambridge, Mass.

1907

April 2  
(no 2)

These facts make it evident that the flight was not local but more or less general. Probably it invaded and settled down in the greater part of eastern Massachusetts. I believe that it came not from the South but from the North and that it was composed of birds that had passed our latitude during the fine weather of last week. In other words the birds were forced by a sudden change from clear and mild to stormy and colder weather to retreat their steps. In some respects the movement appears to have been similar to the one which Mr. Wayne observed at Charleston, South Carolina, several years ago, and reported in the Auk. His birds, however, migrated Southward in February and by day. All the Sparrows found in our garden on the morning of April 2 must have arrived there during the preceding night for there was not one about the place on the 1<sup>st</sup>. By this I am assured by Mr. Deane. I was at Concord on the 1<sup>st</sup> when I found only a few Tree Sparrows and Juncos in the region about Ball's Hill - not more, in deed, than one would expect to see there almost any day at this time of year.



Concord, Mass.

1907

April 3

Brilliantly clear with light N. to W. winds. Early morning cold, the ground frozen hard, the flooded meadows skinned over with ice as thick as window glass. Afternoon warm.

In reaching Concord this morning I found the winter snow & ice all gone save in sheltered places in the woods, the winter frost well out of the ground, the roads settled and dry, the grass in fertile upland fields bright green. The farmers were ploughing and harrowing. I heard Wood Thrush and Song Sparrows through the day, and numbers of Peewees at evening. Butterflies of at least three species were out in considerable numbers. The river is very low for the season and only the lower portions remain flooded. The water has not been over the river bottom at Ball's Hill this spring. No flowers are blooming as yet at the cabin but I saw a few crocuses, squills and pansies at the farm. The apple trees are shedding their golden pollen & the white hawthorn are nearly if not quite in full bloom.

The region extending from Ball's Hill to the Farm was alive with birds to-day. I have rarely seen them more numerous at this season. I passed a flock of fully 125 juncos in Benson's apple grove and nearly as many were at the farm while there were about a dozen at Ball's Hill and smaller scattered flocks elsewhere.

There were about 15 Fox Sparrows at the cabin (some of them singing at frequent intervals), 5 at the farm and 5 in Benson's field. Robins & Red-wings were very numerous. I heard a Veery Sparrow & a Field Sparrow singing and a Don Cuckoo (at the Farm), just before sunset.

Concord, Mass.

1907  
April 3  
(no 2)

male Bluebirds were filling the still air with their tender warbling as I crossed the field to our berry pasture. At the same time a Phoebe performed its song flight. I saw another do its earlier in the day (about noon) at Ball's Hill. Red-wings were scattered all over the river meadows at evening singing from their perches on the willows, maples and button bushes. I heard only one Robin in full song - in the oaks near the No. 1 Spring. Song Sparrows were common and generally distributed; I heard ~~two~~ <sup>one</sup> Sparrow singing delightfully near the Bedford Station this evening. Altogether it was a good bird day and I had a feast of the tender bird music only to be heard at this early season.

In a mixed growth of oaks maples & pines behind Ball's Hill I had two pairs of Chickadees under constant observation for about half an hour this forenoon. They remained on the ground during the whole of this time not once taking to the trees even when I approached them so closely that they were forced to flee on ahead of me. When not disturbed in this way they moved about rather slowly, on limited areas, by a succession of bounding leaps. They seemed to be especially interested in the fallen, water-soaked oak & maple leaves; seeing them in their bills they shook and dragged them about sometimes tearing them into smaller fragments. Twice I saw a bird extract from a leaf and eat a small, elliptical, polished brown object that looked like a chrysalis of some kind. The paired birds kept close together as did the pairs at times while at others they rambled far apart. I do not remember to have ever before seen Chickadees feed so long and persistently on the ground.

Chickadees  
feeding on  
the ground.



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1907.

April 3

(No 3)

The immense number of juncos seen to-day gave me an exceptional opportunity to study and compare the songs of many different individuals. I must have heard more than one hundred different birds. Many (the majority I think) sang more or less like Pine Warblers for which, indeed, I mistook several of them for an instant and one bird until I got very near and heard him several times. Others reminded me most of Chippies but then, without exception, put more of life and melody into their notes than the Chippy ever does into his dry, better song. Others again (there were but three or four in this class) sang very like Myrtle Warblers. The song of one bird was so closely like that of the Swamp Sparrow that I was completely deceived until I actually saw the bird in the act of producing it.

Thus far I have been referring exclusively to the song which the juncos use on its breeding grounds. The melody singing, however, I believe, to early spring, was frequently heard to-day. I noted the following rendering of it after listening carefully to a bird for some time. Chirp - chirp - chirp - queer - e - e - e - quill - l - l - l - l - l (is the normal trill interpolated here beginning with "quill"). Chirp - chirp (the normal call note) chirp - chirp - chirp - queer - e - e - e - quill - l - l - l - l - l etc. This was repeated many times at short intervals always in low, subdued tones.

Some of the notes were very musical and the general effect of the performance was very pleasing. I wonder if it can represent the first (or early) attempts at singing on the part of young birds. It can hardly be termed solos or singing (it is too loud for that). Rather I should call it a musical soliloquy.

Variations  
in the songs  
of Juncos

The song  
trill

Melody  
singing of  
the Juncos.

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 3  
(No 4)

Fox Sparrows and Juncos fed all day long on the hemp & millet seed that we had thrown out for them in front of the cabin. Their numbers varied from <sup>to tens</sup> for they kept coming and going. Our highest count gave 15 Fox Sparrows and 10 Juncos. I have no doubt that there as many visited the seed bed in the course of the day. It was a pretty sight, that of so many attractively colored birds feeding quietly almost directly under our window. The big rusty-rufous Fox Sparrows were the more impressive of the two species, the slaty-blue Juncos the prettier and lovelier. Despite the abundance of visible seeds the Fox Sparrows were continually scratching after their usual fashion that is by jumping alternately forward and backward among the dry leaves. This motion was so vigorous and effective that the leaves were often thrown up into the air to a height of six or eight inches. The Juncos scratched in ~~much~~ the same way but much less often and also less vigorously than the Fox Sparrows. They hopped about more restlessly and incessantly, however, as well as more easily and gracefully, carrying their heads low and their backs flattened to the ground. When the seed had been scattered profusely both species would remain in one spot for minutes at a time doing nothing but eat. When alarmed by the sight or sound of an approaching man or dog the Fox Sparrows would stand erect & motionless for a moment before taking flight. The Juncos, under similar conditions, kept equally motionless but in more crouching attitudes.



Concord, Mass.

1907  
April 3  
(No 5)

In previous years I have often known Fox Sparrows leave their feeding grounds in the open fields and weed patches to seek their resting places for the night among dense pines before sunset but this evening a number of them lingered well into the twilight about the last bed in front of the cabin. All the juncos deserted it half an hour or more before this, according to Gilbert who was on the spot. At 5:45 P. M.

Fox Sparrows  
go early  
to bed.

Juncos  
go still  
earlier.

I came upon what appeared to be the entire flock on Pine Ridge where they had evidently settled themselves for the night although the sun was still well above the horizon. They were scattered about one acre or more in dense, bushy poston pines of large growth. As I started about among these trees I started bird after bird to the number of a dozen or more. Each would flutter noisily and utter the tsup call over or twice just as it left its roost to seek a new one at a short distance. Until thus disturbed not one of them uttered a sound or gave me any other indication of its presence. Most of them flew from pines near the ends of the pine branches from six to ten feet above the ground.

Still earlier in the afternoon (certainly not later than five o'clock although I did not note the time) I saw a perfect stream of juncos pouring into some scattered white pines in the berry poston at the farm. At least 100 birds passed me in the course of a few minutes, coming from the open fields in Mr. Hume's farm and dropping among the dense foliage of the pines. I feel very sure that they, too, were seeking their roosts.

Concord, Mass.

1907.  
April 3  
(No 6)

A Golden crested Kinglet was singing this forenoon in the woods behind Ball's Hill. I wrote down (on the spot) the following rendering of its song: Tsee-tsee-tsee-tsee-tril-il-il-il-il-il. The tsee notes were thin, wiry and high-pitched and very similar to the ordinary call notes of the species but with less of the 2 sound than the latter. The tril-il etc. notes were pitched much lower than the tses and were rather liquid and, indeed, not unmusical in quality. All the notes composing this song were delivered hurriedly and in rather full tones.

Soon after this I saw the bird and its mate (or at least a female of the same species) among some alders, near the ground. What charmingly dainty and sylph-like little creatures! One can never cease from admiring them and wondering at their grace and animation of movement especially when, as happened repeatedly to-day, they are seen poised on fluttering wings, like humming birds, inspecting the terminal leaves or buds of some slender spray.

Concord, Mass.

1907  
April 4

Heavy white frost at daybreak. Forenoon cloudless, dead calm and very warm. Clouds gathered in the afternoon when there was a brisk, cool S.E. wind.

Tree Sparrows to the number of a dozen or more had gathered at the seed bed in front of the cabin by sunrise but the first Juncos did not appear there until about half an hour later. Both species were singing almost continuously up to 10 a.m., not only in the woods on Ball's Hill but elsewhere, wherever I went. They appeared to be scattered numerously over the entire open country on the West Bedford side of the river when I visited it not long after breakfast. Such a delightful concert as they gave me there I have seldom listened to in recent years. From far and near, on every hand, their voices were filling my ears unceasingly. There were also the songs of many Song Sparrows and Red wings and of one or two Tree Sparrows besides the distant "shouting" of a Flicker and far off, from the tall oaks on the edge of the meadows, the muffled, impressive cooing of a Cowbird Dove.

Immediately after breakfast and before crossing the river I heard, three repeated, the Cuckoo-like outcry of a Pied-billed Grebe and twice its whinnying call. These sounds came from the bend of the river just below Ball's Hill where the bird must have been concealed among the flooded maples or button bushes for the glossy surface of the open water would



Covend, Mass.

1907  
April 4  
(No 2)

have at once betrayed its presence had it been  
singing there. I noted the crows call thus:  
Cuck - Cuck - Cuck - Cuck, Cow, Cow, Cow: The Cuck notes  
were apparently Cuckoo-like but the Cow was more  
hoarse and resonant, as well as much louder, than  
any notes that either of our species of Coryzus ever  
utter. The whining might be rendered hē - hē - hē - hē -  
hē - hē, all these notes being on the same key and  
delivered very rapidly and evenly, in vibrant, somewhat  
nasal tones. This is by no means the first time  
that I have seen or heard Pied-billed Grebes near  
Ball's Hill in the month of April. Some of the  
flooded thickets on the meadows would furnish ideal  
breeding places were the water to remain at its  
present level but these birds seem to know that it  
is sure to be drawn off before long for they have  
linger here more than a few days in succession at  
this season.

Concord, Mass.

1907.  
April 5

Forenoon cloudy and showery with strong, cool S. W. wind. Afternoon sunny with moderate W. wind. Evening cloudy and much cooler with violent N. W. wind.

One side of the river was nearly barren of bird life to-day no doubt because it was exposed to the searching and rather chilly southerly winds. I saw only one Fox Sparrow and but two or three Juncos at the Seed Bed. A Pine Warbler (the first I have noted this year) was in full song on the crest of Ball's Hill about noon. Our Phoebe (the paired birds were together for the first time) were very active and noisy flitting about the horse shed, entering it once or twice and frequently alighting on its projecting stones. There seemed to be a number of Fox Sparrows and Juncos on the sheltered shore of the meadow near the stone boat house where three boys came distantly to my ears at intervals through the forenoon. A Carolina Dove was cooing there for half-an-hour or more in the early afternoon.

I had begun to fear that I should see no large water fowl here this spring but not long after breakfast this morning a beautiful adult Herring Gull glided majestically past the cabin on set wings. An hour or so later Gilbert called me out from my writing to show me a pair of Gooseanders. He saw them rise from the river close in to the cause just but they were opposite our upper landing flying swiftly off over the flooded meadows towards the S. W. when I first caught sight of them. The drake, a superb old bird with bottle green head, led the way

Herring Gull

Pair of  
Gooseanders  
the drake  
taking the  
lead in  
flight.

Concord, Mass.

1907.  
April 5  
(No. 2)

closely followed by the much smaller plain grayish bird which I feel sure was a female, no doubt his mate.

On my way to the farm in the afternoon I saw about 50 juncos feeding on the turf in Barber's pasture. One would not think there could be any seeds there it is kept so closely cropped all summer and autumn by the cows yet the juncos were eating something.

When I reached the Pether place (about 5.15) a spring two flocks of Robins containing respectively 25 and 13 birds were flying into the Barrett Run from the southward. A little later I saw another flock arrive from the direction of Birch Field and pitch down into the run. I have known Robins to congregate there before to roost.

As I was returning through Birch Field about 6 o'clock a large Cock Partridge flew from a poplar crowded with nutmeg cottens. I instantly stopped short and examining the top of the tree closely discovered another Partridge sitting very erect and absolutely motionless on a slender twig. This bird, a small hen, flew off in a direction opposite that taken by the male when I saw through the motion of pointing a gun at her. I suppose she must have been the mate of the other bird & I have no doubt that both were engaged in breeding before I disturbed them.

Pair of  
Partridges  
breeding (?)  
in a  
poplar.



Concord, Mass.

1907.  
April 7

The weather has been exceptionally cold for the season the past two days, the thermometer falling to  $24^{\circ}$  Fahr. both mornings. As a natural result first, if any, birds have arrived from the South and most if not all of the northern-birding Finches which appeared on the 2<sup>nd</sup>, coming, as I believe, from the North (by an interesting and unusual retreating movement) are still with us.

Fox Sparrows were singing gloriously, close to the cabin, at sunrise this morning and just before sunset I counted 22 of them feeding in the seed bed under the window. They had eaten all the hemp seeds and were devoting themselves to the sunflower seeds which they ground into fragments in their bills before swallowing them. About half-past six the last birds deserted the bed and flew off westward. Following them I came on what seemed to be the entire flock going (or rather gone) to roost among the dense young pines in Pine Park. They had all settled on their roost, I think, when I reached this plantation but they were calling incessantly to one another, making such a loud and seemingly excited clamor that I thought at first that they had discovered an Owl or a Cat among or under the trees. I could find nothing there, however, but a Partridge which could hardly have alarmed them. There was no singing and no hisping the only note used by any of them being the chuck one. This is closely similar to the chuck.

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 7  
(no 2)

of the Junco but harder and more wooding in tone. As I forced my way among the thickly growing trees I disturbed half a dozen or more of the birds. Each, as it left its perch to fly to another tree, made a loud and rather peevish fluttering sound with its wings. Most of the birds started from near the ends of the pine branches (where the foliage is sparse, as a rule) about eight or ten feet above the ground.

Shortly after leaving the Fox Sparrows I reached the south end of Pine Ridge. Here I started a dozen or more Juncos which had gone to roost in the hemlocks that I planted ten or twelve years ago. Some of these birds flew out almost in my face from perches only two or three feet above the ground. Unlike the Fox Sparrows they fluttered noisily and called teep-teep as they took wing but they did not seem to be severely alarmed and after waiting some for off they invariably remained silent unless again approached. As they flitted across the openings among the trees in the gathering twilight the white outer feathers of their widely spread tails showed most conspicuously and sometimes I could <sup>see</sup> nothing else.

A number of Robins had gone to roost among the pines on this ridge.

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 7

(No. 3)

Among some crowded young white pines on the western slope of Pine Ridge I found to-day nearly if not quite all the body feathers of a cock Partridge. This bird had evidently been killed only a short time before by either a Hawk or an Owl. It had apparently been struck down in a little opening near a stone wall where the ground was strewed with the spotted feathers of its wing and back. Thence a thin line of feathers marked the course (nearly straight) over which it had been dragged or carried for a distance of about two rods into the heart of the dense cluster of pines. Here it must have very clearly piled its feathers by the great number of feathers. Among them were the ruffs (which were chocolate colored) but, strange to say, I could find no primaries, nor secondaries, nor tail feathers, nor any fragments of flesh or bones or head or feet. That the deed had been committed by either a Hawk or an Owl was clearly indicated (1) by the fact that all the feathers had been pulled out, not bitten off and (2) by the three or four large fleas of white, chalky excrement on the pine needles. The presence of these "chalkings", close together, near a convenient perch afforded by a fallen branch and surrounded by the feathers, was equally good evidence to my mind that the bird of prey, - whatever he was, - made a hearty meal before leaving the spot. When he finally flew away he may have taken with him what remained of the Partridge or it may have been eaten after his departure by some prowling Fox or Skunk.

A cock  
Partridge  
killed &  
eaten by  
a Hawk  
or an Owl.





Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 8

Snowing hard all day - big flakes, most of them melting as they struck but the ground white by noon and covered to a depth of nearly two inches by night-fall. Wind N.E., very strong at times.

Only 7 or 8 Fox Sparrows came about the cabin to-day. They sang freely in the early morning and late afternoon. I started several of them from their nests in the Pine Park plantation as early as 5 P.M. and saw others flying to the pines behind Ball's Hill at 6 P.M. but when, some fifteen minutes later, I got back to the cabin there were still two or three feeding there.

the chucking  
call of  
Passercella  
similar to  
if not  
identical  
with that  
of Junco

I had a chance this evening to directly compare the chucking note of the Fox Sparrow with that of the Junco when a bird of each species perched on either side of me, in plain view and less than twenty yards away uttered it fifteen or twenty times. They did not chuck together but alternately, as if answering one another. Until I saw them distinctly and made sure that each was uttering the sounds that seemed to come from it I supposed that they belonged belonged to the same species for their calls were to my ears identical in form and tone. Once or twice I thought that the Fox Sparrow had the stronger voice but of this, even, I was not quite certain. After closely studying the call which both gave I decided that it could be best rendered by the word tuck. The fact that these particular birds called so very nearly (if not exactly) alike does not necessarily invalidate the correctness of the observations that I made on the evening of the 7<sup>th</sup>. It is true that I did not then hear both species at one spot

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1907

April 8  
(No 2)

but it was not more than ten minutes after I had left the Fox Sparrows nest before I was in that of the Junco. Moreover I have noticed in former years that the chucking of the Junco is, as a note, decidedly softer and less woody in tone than that of the Fox Sparrows. I do not now think, however, that the difference is sufficient to be expressed by mere verbal rendering unaccompanied by description and justification. Furthermore I now realize (perhaps for the first time) that no one should venture to positively identify an unseen bird of either species by the chucking call alone.

Wm Bartlett called at the Cabin yesterday afternoon Red-should to tell me that he had just seen in Holden's woods Hawks, a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks which were unusually nest in town and which he suspected were preparing to breed Holden there. I had noticed before this a large nest made in these woods chiefly of sticks and placed in the fork of a tall chestnut that stands at the base of the hill a little to the westward of the big white pine in which a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks nested a brood of young eight or nine years ago. On approaching this nest about 5 P.M. to-day I saw one of the Hawks leave it & fly off through the trees.

As I was passing our stone house this evening just before dark (at 6.15 P.M.) I disturbed the pair of Phoebe which always breed there but which have not yet begun their nest. Both of them flew out from somewhere well back in the shed. Without doubt they had gone to nest there.

Pair of  
Phoebes  
roosting  
in shed

Concord, Mass.

1907.  
April 8  
(No. 3)

I see Red-wings nearly every evening now, in considerable numbers, flying over or close past Ball's Hill towards the North-east. To night at least 200 birds passed within my sight in flocks ranging in numbers from ten or a dozen to fifty birds each. One flock alighted in the oaks at Perkins' landing where they remained for some time busting out, every half minute or so, into a full chorus of song although it was raining thick & fast at the time. On this occasion the lower notes of some of the birds reminded me very strongly, as they have so often done in former years, of the distant howling of Wild Geese. I wonder where all these Red-wings go each evening! They must have some place of rendezvous down river. I followed them as far as Davis this tonight and saw them keeping on out of sight in the direction of Colville bridge. I have no recollection of ever seeing a spring nesting place of the Red-winged Blackbirds.

Evening  
flight of  
Red-wings

At least 75 and I think 100 Robins flew into the woods on Pine Ridge as it was getting dark this evening. All that I saw came from the South-west, no doubt from the farming country on the Bedford side of the river. Most of them came in flocks (the largest <sup>flock</sup> that I noted containing 28 birds). They scattered about over an acre of fir or birch acres when they reached the ridge

Robins  
land.



Concord, Mass.

1907  
April 9

The north-easter which began yesterday morning increased in violence through last night and to-day. It rained hard all this forenoon and snowed all the afternoon. Now, at nightfall, the snow lies six inches deep, on the level, in open places and loads the branches of the trees almost to breaking in the woods. I had not thought to see so wintery a landscape again this spring as met my eye whenever I went late this afternoon. The beauty of the snow-laden pines, hemlocks and birches equaled anything that I have ever seen before, even at Bethel. This, however, was only in sheltered places; elsewhere the raging north-east wind tore the snow from even the pines before it could collect there in any quantity. The birches along the river bank were bent over the water in arches of surpassing grace and the delicate tracery of their snow-laden twigs was truly exquisite. The river appeared to be open only over its channel for on the flooded meadows the water was everywhere covered with a dingy white slush which looked very like brown ice. In the more sheltered woods so much of the snow lodged in the tops and on the branches of the trees that the ground was nowhere very deeply covered and under the pines and hemlocks it was nearly a white cover. This gave the birds a chance to get at the earth without much trouble & wherever it offered 7 or 8 sparrows, juncos & robins were avoiding themselves of it.

Heavy  
north-east  
snow storm

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 9  
(No 2)

It was not necessary to go for a full to-day to see and hear very many spring birds. Despite the storm - or rather because of it - they came about the cabin in numbers which I have never known equaled here before at this season. The high, wooded ridge of Ball's Hill formed an almost perfect wind break and we kept two small areas within a few yards of our windows clear of snow and supplied with quantities of hemp seed, sun-flower seed and bread and cracker crumbs. The news must have been spread far and wide in Sparrow language that there was song shelter and abundant food under the lee of Ball's Hill for thither came 7 of Sparrows and Juncos in ever increasing numbers until by noon the place literally swarmed with them. With them came a few Song & Tree Sparrows a dozen or more Robins, a Hermit Thrush and an extremely forebarn-looking male Bluebird. We could do nothing, of course, to entertain the three species last named but all the seed eating birds were given such a feast as they probably do not often enjoy even in the best of times. I am bound to say that they made the most of it and that they seemed glad to show such appreciation of our hospitality as long in their power. Thus they ate steadily and unceasingly from morning to night, ~~that~~ they stopping equally equally without cessation from sunrise to evening twilight and as the day wore on they gained more and more confidence in us until they finally became almost as confiding

Extraordinary  
numbers of  
7 of Sparrows  
&  
Juncos  
about the  
cabin at  
Ball's Hill

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 9  
(Wed)

as yet Canada or domestic Regions. I make all 70s Sparrows  
their statements advisedly for all are literally true. They sing  
At no time during the entire day (save occasionally just all day  
for brief intervals, when Loony, the Irish Terrier, disturbed them) were there less than a dozen or more birds  
busy with the seeds nor less than two or more  
in full song. As to this tameness the 70s Sparrows their unusual  
seemed to finally lose all fear of us. When I went tameness.  
out to replenish the food supply they would come  
about me almost unafraid and as I stood at  
the window or alighted on the sill and  
boldly regarded me with its bright beady eyes from  
a distance of less than two feet. Another hopped up  
on the sill of the open door and perched into the  
cabin casually. A third, not three yards from  
me, to whom I threw a piece of a Baldwin  
apple met it almost before it had ceased rolling  
down the bank and at once seized and began  
eating it almost as enthusiastically as a dog  
will take food from his master. The juncos  
and Robins were scarcely less trustful.

One of them  
eats a piece  
of Baldwin apple

Just before noon the general sense of security  
which evidently prevailed among all these birds was  
suddenly and widely dispelled. I had gone to  
the wood shed for something and was on my way  
back when a dark Cooper's Hawk coming from  
I know not where dropped into the very middle  
of a group of 70s Sparrows feeding in the path  
in front of the cabin. I saw him clutch at one  
of them with widely opened talons (of his right  
foot) but the Sparrow dodged him and escaped.

Cooper's  
Hawk  
interrupts  
the Spar-  
row's feast



Concord, Mass.

1907  
April 9  
(no 4)

Cooper's  
Hawk

He then alighted on a post by the landing  
but seeing we remained there only a few seconds  
before gliding off, ghostlike, through the closely  
flying snow flakes and over the river. Although  
most of the Sparrows & Juncos had taken flight  
with loud cries and sought refuge in the trees,  
a moment after the Hawk struck at their  
company, a number of them remained feeding  
only a short distance off, evidently having  
failed to take the alarm. Thus had I not  
come on the scene in the nick of time the  
Hawk would probably have had a chance  
for another pluck with good hope of success.  
Even the birds which had flown up into the  
trees did not seem greatly frightened although  
they did not venture to return to the ground  
for several minutes after the Hawk had gone.

The 700 Sparrows were so constantly in motion, 700 Sparrows  
flying from place to place, that it was not possible  
to count them accurately, but the following counts are  
certainly close approximations to the actual numbers.

Time 8.35 A.M. - 18 birds counted from cabin windows.

" 8.40 " "	- 42	"	"	"	"	"
" 9.40 " "	- 70	"	"	"	"	"
" 10.30 " "	- 76	"	"	"	"	"
" 11.10 " "	- 60	"	"	"	"	"
" 12.30 " "	- 94	"	"	"	"	"
" 12.45 " "	- 104	"	"	"	"	"
" 1 P.M. -	94	"	"	"	"	"
" 4.10 " "	- 80	"	"	"	"	"
" 6.30 " "	- 1	"	"	"	"	"

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1907

April 9  
(no 5)

The figures just given probably do not represent For Sparrows anything like the total number of For Sparrows seen at the cabin during the day for the birds were continually arriving and departing or, in other words, changing places. This fact will account no doubt for their feeding carelessly through the entire day. I should not be surprised to learn (even it is possible to get at the real facts) that the total number that we entertained was more than hundred than one hundred. Of course they ate a lot of food - fully two pounds of seed and a pint or more of apples and bread crumbs.

As I have said the For Sparrows sang as well as fed all day long with never an interval of silence much exceeding a minute. Yet I did not often hear more than two and never more than three at any ~~one~~ time. It is difficult to account for this fact especially when the wide fluctuations in the number of birds within hearing are borne in mind. The songs of different individuals varied in form, in tone and in quality or merit. The best singers were those which used the notes most characteristic of their species. These birds were by far the most numerous. Among the aberrant singers I heard one which might easily have been mistaken for a Great Towhee, another whose song was much like a Purple Towhee and a third whose final notes were almost exactly like those of the Towhees song. Many birds sang on the ground singing on merely pausing for a moment between two bites at the the ground seeds to throw up their heads and pour out their rich notes.

Songs of the  
For Sparrows

Concord, Mass.

1907  
April 9  
(No 6)

Although I realize fully the utter inadequacy of any combinations of common words to express such sounds as those that go to make up bird songs like the Tree Sparrow, I am compelled to enter here the following renderings that I noted to-day.

Peer, peer, peer see peer, tura - lee - lee.

" " ser-wittlee (this by the bird that recalled a Wren)

" " pe, peer, see lee - see - see - see - see.

Tu, tu - e, tu - tu - tu - tu - tu - tu - tu.

Sweet, ser, see - see - see - tu - tu - tu.

Many birds put the strongest emphasis used in the entire song on its terminal note.

Of notes other than those which just aim to the normal song or its variations I heard the following.

Tuck - only once all day. This is evidently a cry which betokens alarm or excitement.

See - see - see heard only a few times. This is used chiefly by feathered birds calling to one another. They were not feathered to-day.

When numbers of birds were feeding together one or more of them was almost constantly uttering a series of chattering, chicking and ducking sounds so faint as to be audible only a rod or two away. These reminded me of the sounds made by the Red Squirrel when heard at a distance.

Another sound produced by the Tree Sparrow when feeding but less often heard than the ducking was a low, vibrating chir - chir, rather harsh in quality.

Songs of  
the Tree Sparrow.

Call +  
alarm notes  
of the  
Tree Sparrow

A bird suddenly started by me when feeding and I think uttered a "tuck" a little uttered or "tuck" a little uttered a sort of chirrup, soft & low. This is not a common sound.



Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 9  
(No 7)

The Fox Sparrows at the seed beds were "scrapping" almost incessantly especially when collected there in large numbers. Their encounters, although often spirited were invariably brief and seldom or never really vindictive. Apparently they expressed only momentary and for the most part trivial fits of jealousy or ill-temper. At first I thought that they were caused by a selfish determination to monopolize spots where food was particularly abundant but I soon found that even the most quarrelsome birds molested only certain individuals of their own kind and that it was very unusual (I saw it happen but twice during the day) for any of them to attack the much smaller and feebler Junco which were always feeding with them and which, had they chosen, they could easily have excluded from the feast. My final conclusion was that most of their combats were due either to sexual jealousy or to a mixture of playfulness and bravado. In other words they were simply bullying one another and "showing off", perhaps for the benefit of their mates. I noted some evidence, however, which indicated that certain birds were unpopular with their fellows if not very generally disliked by them. Such individuals, at least, were obviously and repeatedly ill treated by more than one of their companions and one unfortunate was invariably set upon by them or <sup>or them</sup> ~~four~~ at once whenever it attempted to approach the seed bed.

Fox Sparrows  
fighting

Most of the fights that I watched were simple duels, however, quickly ended and not again renewed so far as I could discern. Indeed it was very common for two birds to be feeding quietly side by

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 9  
(No 8)

side immediately after they had settled their little disputes. They fought in three slightly different ways; (1) by making a quick level dash at one another either on foot or on wing and only just above the surface of the ground; (2) by standing motionless for an instant, back to back, and then springing up into the air six to eight inches apparently striking with bills and feet (but not at all forcibly), like game cocks, just as they came together; (3) by fluttering straight upward to a height of five or six or even eight or ten feet, ~~facing~~ facing one another all the while, their bills almost touching, but not so close as I could see either thrusting or striking with bill or feet. Whenever, at the close of any one of these encounters, one of the birds turned tail and fled he was never pursued more than a yard or two, and often, as I have just said, he would at once resume fighting within a few inches of his late antagonist.

7 of Sparrows  
fighting

7 of Sparrows often fan out their handsome tails for an instant when engaged in fighting but at most other times the tail is kept tightly closed. It is sometimes depressed so that the tip just touches or trails on the ground but as a rule it is carried at an angle a little above the line of the back and occasionally much higher than this with the tips of the wings well below its base. The position at which it is held is frequently changed and it is often fluted prettily up and down or sideways as the bird hops about over the ground. On the whole, however, the 7 of Sparrows gesticulates with its tail rather less than do most other birds.

How the  
7 of Sparrows  
carries its  
tail

Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 9  
(No 9)

It is probable that Fox Sparrows scratch not alone for concealed seeds but also for animal food, as the following observation will show. As I was watching a bird digging a little pit into the soft, sandy soil in front of the cabin this afternoon I saw it pause for an instant and, after bending its neck forward and down, pull out from the excavation a red earth-worm about three inches in length. This it held in its bill for an instant as if not quite knowing what to do with it. It then dropped the worm which was immediately picked up by another Fox Sparrow who made short work of the wriggling creature, first separating it into three pieces, by biting and shaking it with its bill, and then eating these fragments without hesitation and indeed with very evident relish.

Fox Sparrow  
draws out  
Worms an  
earth worm

During my walk late this afternoon I was wading through snow nearly six inches deep and facing the blinding clouds of it which the furious north east blast was driving over the east slope of Pine Ridge when, in a little opening surrounded by snow-laden firs, I came up two Yellow Red-footed Warblers the first I have seen this spring. They seemed to be almost completely exhausted by chill and hunger flitting about with drooping wings among some small cedars but their tails were ragged as easily as if the birds had been in the best of spirits & vigor.

Yellow Red-  
footed



Concord, Mass.

1907

April 10

The morning dawned cloudy but but the clouds were thin and there was a light, steady west wind. During the forenoon the sun showed dimly at times and we saw patches of blue sky but it began to rain just after dinner changing to snow later in the afternoon when the wind came from the north. When I went to the farm at 5 P.M. I found the snow six inches deep mostly everywhere with no bare ground to be seen except under dense pines. Many of the trees were heavily loaded with snow this morning and some of them had broken under its weight. The tall birches in front of the cabin had been bent until their tops rested on the ground or water. All the trees had freed themselves from the snow by noon but many of them did not at once assume their normally erect position and some of them are still much arched.

The insect-eating birds are having a trying time I fear. I saw no Phoebe nor Swallows to-day but Gilbert noted a Yellow Palm Warbler near the cabin. The Sparrows are all right of course but most of those that were here yesterday had disappeared this morning. Where can they have gone? Not farther north, surely, in the face of such a wintry storm as raged through most of last night. It is quite possible and, I think, probable, that they drifted before it southward perhaps as far as Connecticut. In that case they almost certainly accomplished a second stage in a southward spring migration for I am satisfied that most of them reached

Weather  
continued  
Stormy

Wintry  
Conditions  
all day.

Trees injured  
by snow.

Phoebe &  
Swallows  
disappear.  
Most of  
the Sparrows  
hardly also  
missing.  
Have they  
not  
migrated  
southward?  
They came,  
I think,  
from the  
north.

1907

April 10  
(No 2)

as here by a return flight from the north. I wonder if the Swallows and Phoebe have executed a similar retrograde movement. Red-wings and Robins apparently have decided not to be frightened by a six inch snow fall for I saw them to-day in practically undiminished numbers.

Red wings  
Robins

There were 24 Fox Sparrows at the cabin at 8.45 a.m. and 8 or 10 through the day. They sang freely at all hours but not continuously as was the case yesterday. At the farm I saw only six or eight of them and none between here and there.

Fox Sparrows

Only a few scattered Juncos appeared to be left in this region. I noted seven a dozen in all to-day.

Juncos

Gilbert saw a Bittern flying past the cabin in the afternoon and a Great Blue Heron this morning.

Bittern  
Blue Heron

There are surprisingly few Song Sparrows at or near Ball's Hill this spring but I found four or six at the farm this afternoon, feeding close about the barn where hay seeds had been strewn.

Song Sparrows

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 11

Forenoon cloudy; afternoon clear and warm. Light N. W. wind all day.

The snow melted rapidly after the sun came out but at evening it still covered most of the country except on southern exposures where the bare ground had appeared in many places. In the woods the snow was everywhere fully three inches deep or more when an icy crust was beginning to form.

Yesterday, as I noted in this journal, most of the birds had apparently disappeared, as I thought migrating southward. To-day they were back again as numerous as during the early part of the late storm. Indeed the country was literally flooded with them. They were scattered about everywhere throughout the woods as well as fields. This statement applies chiefly to Robins, Fox Sparrows and Juncos which I met with in countless numbers during my afternoon walk to Davis Hill, ~~through~~ Prescott's farm and back by way of Bursin's pasture. When I reached Pine Ridge and the flat woods behind Ball's Hill, just before sunset, both places reminded me of a great aviary. Robins, Fox Sparrows and Juncos were going to roost in almost every crevice and on this entire tract, singing and calling to one another as they sat on their perches or flitted from place to place. Never before have I found them in anything like such numbers in these woods.

Phoebus reappeared this afternoon in their usual numbers & in the best of spirits, apparently. Where can they have gone? The river front of Ball's Hill was

Pine Ridge  
again.  
Country  
still more  
covered.

Return of  
the birds.

Their  
extraordinary  
abundance

Phoebus  
return



Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 11  
(no 2)

probably one of the most sheltered places in Concord during the late storm and it is at all times a favorite resort of Phalaropes but there was certainly none of these birds here yesterday nor could I find any of them elsewhere. They kept close about the river to-day and frequently hovered just above the water, dipping down to it and probably picking up floating insects. I saw one pair at the lower dam.

Phalaropes

At least 50 Crows assembled on Pine Ridge this forenoon when they seemed to be mobbing something. For they were making a tremendous outcry and dashing down among the pines. Two Red-shouldered Hawks were soaring in the very midst of the excited Crows and screaming wildly. It is possible that the Crows were protesting against the presence of the Hawks but more likely, I think, that both birds were mobbing something else, perhaps a Fox.

Crows  
mobbing  
something

I found a Woodcock this afternoon in a place where I have never hunted one before; viz. in Prescotts Pine, near the wood road that leads to the meadow but on higher, dry land, among very dense white pines.

Woodcock  
in pine  
woods

I flushed him twice but did not see him either time for he rose fully thirty yards away, to judge by the sound of his wings, and the pine foliage obstructed my view. His shyness was due, no doubt, to the fact that the ground in these woods was nearly everywhere covered with snow. Under such conditions Woodcock will seldom permit a near approach.

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 11  
(No 3)

Early this afternoon I heard, with perfect distinctness, Herring  
the shrill, thrilling outcry of a Herring Gull. Looking Gull  
up I saw the bird soaring in circles over Ball's Hill  
but at such an immense height that he looked  
scarce larger than a swallow. From this great  
elevation he must have had in sight not only the  
greater part of the Concord River valley but Ipswich  
Bay and its bounding land drains as well.

A more unusual visitor, which appeared in  
much the same manner as the Gull and shortly  
afterward, was a male Sparrow Hawk. As he  
circled on motionless wings almost directly over  
the cabin and perhaps two hundred feet above  
the crest of the hill I could see his bright reddish  
tail distinctly every time he turned its upper  
surface towards the sun.

Sparrow  
Hawk

There were 7 or 8 Sparrows about the cabin  
all day. The greatest number I saw them at  
any one time was sixteen. They sang freely  
and well but not continuously. I recognized  
one bird by his somewhat peculiar song which  
I have heard here constantly for three or four  
days. It is a remarkably clear, fine song  
but so irresistibly sad that I shall be  
glad when he has gone - or I hope, which  
will be tomorrow. I cannot help thinking  
that he must spend his summers in some  
exceptionally dreary & lonely place.

7 or 8 Sparrows

Concord - Cambridge, Mass.

1907  
April 12

Clear, calm, mild.

There were only a few birds about the cabin this morning but the open country on the other side of the river was alive with them when I passed through it on my way to the West Bedford Station and I saw them in undiminished numbers, and literally everywhere, from the car windows on the way to Lexington and, indeed, nearly to Arlington. Robins & Fox Sparrows and Juncos made up the bulk of the birds seen. The Sparrows and Juncos were quite as numerous in the middle of wide grass or cultivated fields as in their breeding thickets. While I was waiting for the train at the Station their songs came incessantly to my ears from far and near on every hand.

Miss Mary Blakelock tells me that she saw large numbers of Fox Sparrows and Juncos at Leicester in Worcester County, Mass., during the snow storm on the 9<sup>th</sup>. Maude Hardy writes me that at Brewer, Maine, "it began to snow on Tuesday, the 9<sup>th</sup> and continued some 4 inches. It snowed all night and the next day there was good 12 inches of wet snow. It has melted about all the time here [his letter is dated on the 11<sup>th</sup>] melting as it has fallen. The birds, largely Juncos with Song and Fox Sparrows and a few Fox Sparrows, have come into the dove yards in great numbers. We began to feed them two days ago and have put out several quarts of cracked corn & oats, also bread & flax seed. I have had from 25 to 50 about all the time and Fannie has about



1907

April 12  
(Wed.)

as many as her house. They are very numerous during off the English Sparrows and then fighting each other. One Song Sparrow dropped dead from a jumping broke and another is dying. I cannot tell the cause as there is plenty of food."

It is evident from the testimony just cited that the <sup>late</sup> extraordinary abundance of birds belonging to the Sparrow family has not been merely local during the past week but, on the contrary, has been probably very general over New England. It will be noticed, however, that Song Sparrows and Fox Sparrows, which were not numerous at Concord, are among the species which Mr. Hardy found in the greatest abundance at ~~Bellevue~~ and that he saw only a few Fox Sparrows there whereas they were found abundantly by Miss Hestonford at Belvidere and by me at Concord, on the same date when Mr. Hardy's observations were made.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907  
April 14

Clear and cool with light W. wind.

Two Pine Siskinets have been haunting our garden for the past week or more. I found them in the deciduous trees in the "jungle" this morning. One of them sang almost continuously for fifteen or twenty minutes, sometimes softly low, sometimes in fairly loud tones. Its song was an odd medley of halting, stuttering notes, many of them harsh and only one really musical, ~~the~~ exception being the convey-like pee-ee used in common by the present species, by the Goldfinch and by the Redpoll. This call was frequently interpolated among the other notes as was the peculiar, ~~busy~~ buzzy screeeeeeee or screeeeeeeeep which one hears more or less at all seasons but chiefly in spring and summer and which I take to be one of the forms of song rather than a mere call. The shorter yet somewhat similar craep, which is certainly a flight call, was also given among the other notes & intermingled with them.

Spring  
Song of the  
Pine Siskinet

The medley singing, heard on this occasion, is often indulged in by the Pine Siskinet at this season. It is similar in form and general character to that protracted by our Goldfinch in early spring but, unlike that of the latter, it is, as I have just said almost wholly lacking in sweetness and musical merit.

1907.  
April 29

Morning cloudy and showery. Afternoon clear  
and warm with light S. wind.

When I reached Ball Hill at 9.45 this morning  
(from Cambridge) the oak woods on its southern slope  
were alive with Yellow-rumps and Yellow Palm Warblers.  
I found many others later in the day in Pine Park  
and on Pine Ridge, seeing in all at least fifty birds  
of each species. However I met with them they were  
mingled together in about equal numbers keeping, as a  
rule, to the trees in rather dense growth and often  
among pines although I noted a few of the Yellow  
Palm Warblers on or near the ground in open places.  
Both species sang freely through the forenoon. They  
fed chiefly by flying out or upward from the  
branches and capturing their insect prey in mid  
air. It was easy to distinguish the Yellow Palm  
Warblers, even at a distance by the ceaseless wagging  
of their tails. Their songs varied greatly with different  
individuals but all the forms I heard were dry  
and unmusical. Some of them remind me of  
the song of Wilson's Black-caps. I should characterize  
the usual form of song as a hoarse chatter. Sometimes  
it was abrupt and explosive in character; sometimes  
lively and halting or stuttering. The birds sang  
in the intervals between their flittings from branch  
to branch making no fuss about it although this  
thrust & tail protruded & quivered as they gave utterance  
to their feeble notes.



1907

April 30

Clear and very warm with strong S. W. wind.

Arrivals. Black-throated Green Warbler, 1 (seen by Nelson) in Prescott's Pines; Oven-bird; 8 heard singing by Gilbert in the woods on the farm; Solitary Vireo, one heard singing by me on Ball's Hill, then seen together in Prescott's Pines by Nelson.

Arrivals

Most of the birds here yesterday must have passed on northward last night for there were very few to-day in the Ball's Hill woods. Mr. Nelson (of Mrs. Comp. Zoology) reported seeing a good sized flock of Yellow-rumped and Yellow Palm Warblers in Prescott's Pines, however.

As I was strolling behind Ball's Hill this evening two Crows rose from the pines on its crest. One mounting above the other to a height of about thirty feet swooped down at it with half closed wings uttering a hoarse, hoarse coc-coc-coc-coc-coc-coc not unlike the sound of a watchman's rattle wheel slowly. Just as the upper bird reached the lower one the latter dodged and twisted, closely pursued by the other. This was repeated several times with always the watchman's rattle note given during the plummet like fall and after that the swift, decisive pursuit accompanied by many more grooved evolutions. Finally the pair (for I judged them to be a male & female) were joined by a third bird when all three winged their way off over the meadows together without further demonstration or calling.

Crows

1907

May 1

Forenoon cloudy, afternoon brilliantly sunny. A cool  
S.W. gale N.W. wind blew all day.

Cereus. Bank Swallow, heard at Ball's this; East-  
# Gnatcatcher, call notes heard at 4 am; Upland Plover, heard at  
Ball's this; Greater Yellow Cys, flock of 18 passed Ball's this.

Cereus

About 7 a.m. as I was standing in front of  
the cabin I heard the flight call of an Upland  
Plover repeated six times. Each utterance consisted of  
four or five rapid successive notes (three  
one after the other). The bird was apparently flying  
high towards the East.

Upland  
Plover

About 10 a.m. I heard the prolonged rolling  
call that the Greater Yellow-Cys give just before  
sighting. Early in the afternoon I heard it again  
and this time saw the birds, 18 in number, flying  
in a compact flock (as closely bunched as Peeps)  
low over the water, up wind, past Ball's Mill.

Greater  
Yellow Cys

Two Kingfishers passed the cabin many times  
during the day, one sometimes in close proximity  
of the others. I took them to be a pair but this  
was only because for I could not see their markings.  
One of them gave the harsh coo, coo, coo, coo, coo,  
which is very unlike the rattle & not often heard.  
It was flying over the woods at the time.

Kingfisher

A Plover was drumming behind Ball's this  
early this morning, but on the plain was but fainter  
about 4 am. I thought, from the harsh drumming

Plover  
drumming

1907.  
May 2-7

During this period the weather has been steadily cool and at times unseasonably cold. On the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup> the ground was stiff with frost and shallow pools of water were frozen over with thin ice. There was a heavy N.E. rain storm on the 4<sup>th</sup> and a gentle but steady rain with S.W. wind on the afternoon of the 6<sup>th</sup>. The 2<sup>nd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> were brilliantly clear days but on the other four days the sun shone but little or not at all. These conditions have been most unfavorable for bird migration as the following brief list of "arrivals" will show: -

- " 2 White-throated Sparrows, one singing nearly the farm house early this morning. A remarkably cold week
- " 3 No arrivals noted
- " 4 " " "
- " 5 " " "
- " 6 Cat-bird, one heard singing in the forgotten bush at evening  
Bobolinks, one heard singing one Birch Field in P.M.
- " 7 Brown Thrasher, one in full song near the farm house at sunset  
Nashville Warbler, one singing near the house in the early morning,  
another gave the flight song over the corn in Berry Post.  
 Towhee. One in Birch Field, another in the Berry Pasture.

The above is an extraordinarily meagre showing for the first week of May. Of course most of the birds that usually arrive at this time have been held back. They will no doubt come with a rush the first really warm night.



1907

May 8

Early morning cloudy & showery. Remainder of day sunny and warm with light S. W. wind.

Although the weather conditions were much more favorable for bird migration than they have been for a week past I did not note a single arrival to-day. What is still more surprising there seemed to be a dearth of all kinds of birds, even of those that have been here for weeks, and most surprising of all that few of the birds which I did see sang at all, even in the early morning. Even the Song Sparrows and Field Sparrows were almost silent. A Thrasher was singing in the late afternoon and two Robins gave me a fine concert at evening. Robins, by the way, are almost as scarce here now as they were in Cambridge when I left there last week. Partridges are even scarcer comparatively. I do not if there are more than three or four on the whole place. The breeding season on the old wall in this Round Run is deserted this year for the first time since I have known it.

As twilight was gathering this evening I heard a Woodcock peeping in the direction of the Berry Pasture. Going there at once I found he was beyond my boundary wall in Mr. Horner's pasture. He sang a dozen times or more at short intervals while I was there. I watched him through the whole of one flight & most of another.

On both occasions as he was making the series of short downward plunges at the height of his song I saw him tilt first on one side then on the other, with first one wing & then the other pointing straight upward while its fellow pointed directly downward. In other

1907

May 8  
(No 2)

words he turned first one side up & then the other.  
This I think happened every time he swooped but I  
could not make sure that such was the case. What  
I did see beyond the possibility of mistake was that  
he tilted thus two or three times during each of  
the two flights when I heard him in view. If I  
am not greatly mistaken no one has ever noticed  
this tilting before or one later reported doing so.  
I, certainly, saw it to-night for the first time.  
It was very marked and interesting. I think the  
bird happened to be at just the right angle with  
my line of vision. During his first flight he made  
rather short and regular swoops; during the second  
his movements were ~~uninterrupted~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~continuous~~ <sup>that</sup> my  
eyes were taxed to follow him. His song was  
hardly up to the standard for his voice lacked  
strength & fulness although it was as sweet as usual.

1907  
May 18

Forenoon cloudy; afternoon clear. Warm with light S. wind.

Arrivals:- Black & Yellow Warbler, 1 ♂, 1 ♀, 1 ♂, 1 ♀, 1 ♂, 1 ♀;  
Yellow-throated Vireo, one near farm house.

Arrivals

I have been whistling for about near the house for the past ~~four~~ or five days. One began this morn at daybreak this morning just after the first Robin and before any other bird. I had no idea they were back early.

Just after the I have begun to whistle this morning I heard the song of the White-bellied Swallow for the first time in many years. It was continued at short intervals for several minutes ceasing before it was broad daylight. I noted it on the spot thus:- Sit, clear, sit, clear, sit, clear, clear, sit, clear, clear, clear etc. It is a monotonous & unvaried song but very interesting nevertheless.

Song of  
the White-  
bellied Swallow

Birds of most kinds continue to come. Of the species that ordinarily arrive between May 1 and 12, by no means all have yet come and of those noted only a very few have appeared numerously. The only well marked flight there for was that which landed us on the 14<sup>th</sup>. Before & after that date only droplets have come from day to day.



Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 8  
to  
June 30

A pair of Red-shouldered Hawks bred this year in the woods at the base of Holden's Hill. Their nest was finished when I first noticed it on April 7. It was placed in the fork of a large & very tall chestnut about six feet above the ground. On the 8th the bird flew from it as I approached. On April 29, and whenever I visited the place in May, I found one or other of the Hawks on the nest. I could see its tail projecting over one side and the head well raised above the rim on the opposite side. Sometimes I could walk directly under the nest without disturbing the birds but it usually flew off when I was fairly or fifty yards away and glided silently out of sight through the tree tops. I often heard one or both birds screaming near the nest before I entered the woods but they were never any found when I was near the nest. On May 26 the female, after leaving the nest, turned back and scolded fast her toes on her wings coming within twenty yards of me but down among the trees. This was repeated later in June when on one occasion she became so daring as to swoop down at Mr. Folbrook's head passing he near his face that he felt the wind of her wings. On June 9th I saw them going apparently nearly full grown standing near the nest. They showed a few patches of feathers but were chiefly covered with down. The down had been nearly all shed by the 20th when the birds had their wings well grown and their tails from or five inches in length. As I watched them from a distance they moved about a little, usually, and occasionally spread and flapped their wings. When they saw me they crouched on the nest, still showing their heads, however. They were in the nest on June 30 but gone the next day. After

Notes on the  
breeding habits  
of a pair of  
Red-shouldered  
Hawks

1907  
April 8  
to  
June 10  
(1907)

This I have known rarely any time I visited the  
Hills. They frequented in the tall oaks near the water  
and remained immovably when undisturbed but as soon  
as they became aware of my presence they immediately became  
alarmed. This time even the same to my eyes as those  
of this parent - the dark, well, long of water within the  
their long imitate to slowly. After leaving the nest the  
young Hawks were quite as they as old ones. Indeed  
I did not even get within gunshot of any of them. On July  
14<sup>th</sup> the story of visiting this, there of them were seen near  
the nest by Mrs. F. and that there is not that that  
all of them were young. The ♂ parent of this brood is  
in immature plumage looking like a bird of the year.  
The ♀ parent is in fully adult plumage.

Last year a pair of Red-throated Hawks nested  
this year in a nest placed not over 20 ft. above  
the ground in a scrubby oak on the side of a  
canyon in the Holloman wood lot near Holden's this  
nest about 150 yards from the last shown this year.  
About time or twelve years ago a pair nested in the  
big pine in Holden's field within 50 yards of this nest  
where the nest was this season. These two nesters  
seen the only ones known to me of nesting in this  
immediate locality. In May 1902 I found a fresh nest  
in a pine on the west side of Davis' camp. Strange to  
say I have never known a pair of such Hawks to  
nest two successive years in the same woods on my  
place here although they have been here for a long time.

The ground under the nest was full of this species of birds  
with young but I did not go to it, I was not  
finding a single pellet or any trace of the birds' eggs.

Nesting of  
Red-throated  
Hawks.

Concord, Mass.

1967

May -

The birds began to return in great numbers to the same coast, in May. They appeared there in the same order as they were seen in the same place in the same year.

*Lactuca*

They pass the day clinging to the highest rocks in the back of the bay in a closely packed bank or house. Generally throughout there is a constant tumult when I have had time to work. much of the time, the number of males or a sudden increase disturbs the birds in the house. At this point the noise and of the birds one day working up to within less than 100 ft. of the shore of the bay & finally apparently had got out of the house, when the water is over they quickly disappear into the air. The clouds are now broken above deeply and occasionally when there are dark because the clouds they are disordered along with the first change in the weather. At evening they keep the shore deeply in their interests just as it is getting dark. Flying above the bay they come about for a minute or two and then fly off in any direction, singly. I have noticed frequent that they stayed, one all night but only as far as I have found one of them clinging to the bay of the shore about 9 P.M. and the next morning at 10 P.M. there was a lot of them there. On this second occasion Gilbert had examined the shed and under here there was more than about an hour before he found the first of them under the house and I came back again. Bates rights was above but there was no more.





Concord, Mass.

1907

May-June

(2)

On March 16<sup>th</sup> Raymond Swanson saw two Tree Swallows perched on the ridge pole of a barn near Ball's Hill. Then a few were flying about near the river meadows when I came to the cabin on April 1 and I saw them daily down up to the 9<sup>th</sup> when they were all driven off for a few days by a heavy snow storm. Early in May two pairs took possession of bird houses on our farm and there were two more pairs established on the Ricketts place. They all built nests which were ready or quite finished by the 19<sup>th</sup> when I heard two of the birds copulating. Shortly after this they were driven to the river meadows for several days by a spell of cold, stormy weather. This I fear caused some loss among them for only two pairs returned to the boxes. One of these disappointed a little later. The other pair had a brood of young - on the Ricketts place.

White-bellied  
Swallows.

On the morning of May 18, just as day was breaking, I heard, for the first time in many years, the song of a Tree Swallow repeated at short intervals for several minutes but ceasing before it was broad daylight. I noted it thus: - sit, clear, sit, clear, sit clear, clear, sit, clear, clear, clear. It is a monotonous, unmusical song but very interesting because of its peculiarity. The notes are evenly spaced & deliberately & distinctly enunciated. Later in the month I heard this song several times at day break and once in the evening twilight.

Song of the  
Tree Swallow.

On July 3 and again on the 10<sup>th</sup> I saw a Tree Swallow flying about near our farm house accompanied by three young which she fed on wing the old and young bird coming together and moving straight up and down for the nearest clearing where the

1907

May-June  
(3)

much of food was transferred - a pretty sight indeed.  
At the time I supposed that this must be the brood record  
in the box on the Robin place by on July 11 as I was  
crossing the Springfield there a pair of Tree Swallows swooped  
repeatedly at one Irish terrier, "Bony", who accompanied me.  
This action was performed precisely as I remember it when  
I was a boy and when ten or a dozen pairs of Tree Swallows  
used to visit on one place in Cambridge. When this young  
man was grown but still in the nest (nurse, I think,  
before they were hatched) the parent birds would always  
assail a dog or a cat and even, occasionally, a man or  
boy, who appeared in their ground near their nests.  
First one and then the other of the mixed pair would  
dart down on its wings on a steep incline passing within  
a foot or less of the intruder's head and snapping their  
bills rapidly producing a dull and rather woody chattering  
sound inaudible at a greater distance than a few rods.  
This was given just as they brushed close over the  
head of the man or beast. After passing him the bird  
would turn sharply upward, mount into the air to  
a height or twenty to thirty feet, wheel in circles  
over or under and then steep again - I remember  
that it took rather steady nerves to watch, without  
flinching, the swift, downward rush of the singing bird  
as it came straight for one's face albeit one knew  
by experience that at the last moment the Swallow  
would be sure to change the line of its flight  
sufficiently to pass just by or rather over one's head.  
Whether or not these birds ate the Robin place,  
their last young there I do not know. They did not  
visit any of the boxes while I was there.



Glendale, Mass.

1907.

June 26

A pair of Broad-winged Hawks are haunting the woods at the rear of the French's place. I think they have a nest there in one of the big chestnuts or maples but I cannot find it. I see them several times daily, entering or leaving the woods or soaring together in circles high over the open fields uttering the shrill Killdeer-like cry, kä-dee-e-e. I do not remember hearing anything else from a Broad-wing before to-day when, about noon, as D.C. French and I were in the woods behind the studio one of the birds just mentioned (the male, I thought) passed over us through the tree tops, gliding straight on, on set wings, uttering twice a series of about five creaking calls given in quick succession and distinctly unlike the Killdeer notes. I rendered them thus: tswee-e, tswee-e, tswee-e, tswee-e. Not only were they accented on the first instead of the second syllable but the quality of the voice was different from that usually so characteristic of the Broad-wing and the notes much weaker. The bird was certainly adult. I wonder if its juvenile cries were low calls or expressions of alarm or protest because of our presence in its chosen haunts. It is singular that I have never heard them before.

Broad-wing  
Hawks.

Concord, Mass.

1907.

July 12

As Mr. Forbush and I were walking through an  
apple orchard at Concord this afternoon we started a Skunk with a  
in the under grass. It was so tame that I could see only its  
back and the tip of its tail as he galloped off. He  
moved by a succession of long, high bounds and he stopped  
that although I ran at my best speed I <sup>had</sup> could not gain  
on him perceptibly when he reached the woods. The distance  
which he travelled in the open was about sixty yards  
for the first half of the way over a gentle downward  
incline for the latter half down a rather steep hillside.  
All the while he was about twenty yards in advance of  
me and running almost as fast as a rabbit when  
startled but not closely pursued. This experience happened  
at exactly half-past six o'clock with the sun shining  
from a cloudless sky. Taken in connection with the  
observation I made here last autumn, from my chamber  
window, early one morning, it convinces me that Skunks  
are at times really wary animals and that they can do  
much faster than is ordinarily supposed. These  
facts account, in a measure, I believe, for the extreme  
inferiority with which they are done over in places  
(such as this farm) where the signs they leave, when  
digging for earthworms and for birds' eggs, show that they  
must be very numerous. They have been most persistent  
and successful in their quest for birds' eggs since  
Ball's Hill this season (chiefly in June) as two heaps  
of empty shells testified to the fact. I did not know before that Skunks were come  
out to feed in the bright sunshine, as was the  
case with the animal I saw here.

" 15-

As I was walking along the river path within 30 yards of the cabin at 7.30  
P.M., the night being clear but intensely dark under the stars, I heard an animal which  
I felt sure was a Skunk that started up the hillside. It started only 2 yards of  
me. I got a lantern & followed. Over a ridge I found it. Just as I was about to  
grasp it when it started to run up the hill & I lost it. I heard the animal's feet and saw the

1907

July 15

As I was walking along the river path at Ball's Mill about 9.30 P.M. I started a good-sized animal from a space of soft sand at one landing within thirty yards of the cabin. Although the day was clear and full of stars it was so intensely dark under the shade of the trees that I could see nothing but from the sound of the creature's footsteps as moved first through some low weeds within ten yards of me and then up the steep bank and twig - Hesperis hillein. I knew that it was trotting slowly and evenly with the steady, mincing gait so characteristic of the Skunk. When it reached the foot path that leads to the chestnut cabin all hands ceased and I concluded that it had taken advantage of this convenient roadway to run itself further off quickly and in silence. I got a candle lantern in the cabin and followed the path for some distance along the bankside but could neither see nor hear anything more of the nocturnal visitor. The next morning I found the locality fringed by the landing trees up everywhere by fresh diggings, evidently those of a Skunk. The persistent beast had not only raided several nests of the Humble Bee, but scattering the egg shells about but had also rooted up a number of small plants that I had put out in the sand a few days before. That same morning I visited some more plants that I had put into the ground near Pine Park Road and every one of them had been severely unscathed by a Skunk. Apparently this creature noses out and investigates every place where the earth has been loosened or disturbed.

Amelton

Skunk



Bethel, Maine

1907

July 18-22

I was in Bethel - at the Gehrigs - from the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup> to noon of the 22<sup>nd</sup>. The weather was for the most part clear and just pleasantly cool. Most of my time was spent about the grounds near the house or in the woods at its base but on the afternoon of the 19<sup>th</sup> Dr. Gehrig took me to Songo Pond where we fished for two or three hours, floating, in a boat, off the mouth of the brook. There were a few Red-wings there apparently nesting and all old birds. The song of a Hermit Thrush came floating down from a hill pasture to the west and a Swainson's Thrush was singing in white pine woods on the shore of the pond. At a house near it where we got the oars & key for our boat a few Purple Martins were flying about a small bird house on a pole.

About the Doctor's place birds of most kinds sang freely during my stay. I heard even Nashville and Chestnut-sided Woodpeckers, not only in the early morning but at intervals through the day.

At morning and evening the woods on both sides of the house, and at its rear, rang with the music of numerous Veeries. There was at least one Hermit, also. After twilight fell one or two Whopparwits began their songs. One bird delivered as well as most were slowly than I have ever heard them given before.

A pair of Broad-winged Hawks were haunting the swampy woods below the orchard where I saw them repeatedly and often heard their shrill cries. Once again birds were in sight as one soaring above the trees. Whenever I saw them on wing they were pursued and harassed by one or more Crows who attacked them after the manner of Kingbirds rising above and swooping down at them occasionally picking their heads & back. The Hawks bore this persecution with admirable

✓  
Broad-winged  
Hawks



Bethel, Maine

1907

July 18-22

No 3

Coarsely with his cap, pointed wings he moved with  
surprising swiftness for a Circus and soon overtook the object  
of his pursuit. Of course I expected a tragedy, and indeed  
for a briefly, but nothing of the kind happened. Although  
the Marsh Hawk seemed evidently to suspect the snail, and  
in his great wings so that it was not lost in a single  
for an instant and even the snail is able to  
suddenly with its short legs to jump, although he has been  
in the water as it showed one in it. That he did not  
grasp him - with its long legs - was an accident,  
that he could have seized and held it with ease and  
easily seemed perfectly obvious. For doubt he was well  
placed with or perhaps falling in, as though he were  
now going to be taken at length, and only when it passed  
to further down of the Cygnets and in which  
the snail was then when looking with another and wider  
than their own. And which perhaps was the only  
one in their long series.

While the two birds above, appeared to have in close contact, the pigeon and the dove, copied and imitated each other, and finally, apparently, having being frightened into the air, and making some noise in the air, they came to rest on the grass. The redstart after making two or three more than a dash back, did not give over the ground, would be very much, but in the night, as in the day, then it turned back and proceeded to feed. It yielded in the vicinity, perhaps to a blackbird, and then I found, how the latter was playing off to several on the ground, it was like a large bird, it stood down, but in the air, and it was not.



1907;

July.

1907 Bethel, Maine.

(1)

July

- 1 ✓ *Scalotis iacis* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 2 ✓ *Merula migr.* 19 $\frac{10}{2}$  20 $\frac{2}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 3 ✓ *Salus ceptus* Col. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  22 $\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>Dr. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$</sup>  <sub>fine</sub>
  - 4 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 18 $\frac{3}{2}$  19 $\frac{3}{2}$  20 $\frac{3}{2}$  21 $\frac{3}{2}$
  - 5 ✓ *Hed. rubicapita* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>in full song</sup> 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>early morning</sup> 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>late at</sup> 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 6 ✓ *Dend. pens.* 19 $\frac{2}{2}$  20 $\frac{2}{2}$  21 $\frac{2}{2}$
  - 7 ✓ *Geothlypis trichas* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 8 ✓ *Parus olivaceus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 9 ✓ " *fulvus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  22 $\frac{1}{2}$  <sub>early</sub>
  - 10 ✓ *Spizella soc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 11 ✓ *Parus angust.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 12 ✓ *Loxia* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 13 ✓ *Amphisp. mel.* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 14 ✓ *Chondestes pelagicus* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 15 ✓ *Amphisp. cel.* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 16 ✓ *Amphisp. mel.* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 17 ✓ *Parus* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 18 ✓ *Amphisp. trichas* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 19 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
  - 20 ✓ *Parus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- Small colony in hollow;  
another near Song Pond

1907 Bethel, Maine

(2)

July

- 21 ✓ *Amphisp. pallasi* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 22 ✓ " *americanus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>Song</sup> <sub>late</sub>
- 23 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 24 ✓ *Amphisp. trichas* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 25 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 26 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 27 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 28 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 29 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 30 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 31 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 32 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 33 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 34 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 35 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 36 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 37 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 38 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 39 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 40 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$

1907 Bethel, Maine

(3)

July

- 41 ✓ *Procyon* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 42 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 43 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 44 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 45 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 46 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 47 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 48 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 49 ✓ *Amphisp. fusc.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22

The stage road from Bethel to Upton—by means of which one may reach quickly and easily each Bole Umbagog from the Southward—is nearly thirty miles in length. It runs for the greater part of the way through open, farming country and at first (for a distance of some five miles) down the left bank of the Androscoggin River. After passing the little village of Newry it takes advantage of the comparatively gradual and easy ascent to Grafton Notch afforded by the valley of Bear River while it follows gently to its source. The farms in this valley are largely either sandy or rocky and hence not very productive but they include some fertile intervals where good grass hay crops. Most of the open ground is confined to the river bottom which is abruptly bounded on both sides by a succession of high hills and low mountains, ledgy and even precipitous in places but rarely covered with virgin soil of different depths and richness to support dense forests made up chiefly of second-growth deciduous trees. These clothe practically all the slopes which face the valley—save where there are hill pastures sprinkled with boulders or with grazing sheep—with a rich, velvety tapestry of foliage very pleasing to the eye in summer and fairly dazzling in autumn by the brilliant and varied hues of the myriad refining leaves. As the stage horses climb steadily up the steep grades that lead to the foot of Grafton Notch the traveller notices that the farms become increasingly sterile, their buildings more and more pathetically small and dilapidated. The mountains draw nearer and nearer together on either hand until at the entrance to the notch they leave barely sufficient room for

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22

(no 2)

the passage of the river and its bordering roadway. For the next ten miles the road runs nearly straight through untrodden and essentially primitive forest abounding in fine old beeches, rock maples, red maples and yellow birches but long since depleted of its larger spruces and balsams. I can remember when this entire stretch of road was overcast by trees but it was widened fifteen or twenty years ago and is now exposed, in many places, to the sun and sun. If it has thus lost some of its former attractions there has been an undeniable gain in respect to <sup>the</sup> more unobstructed views which it now affords of the flowing rock-sheathed walls of this wild and picturesque part and of the mountain peaks and crags which loomed above and behind them. On the left Shield Mountain rises to a elevation above sea level of        feet, on the right Saddle-back to some        feet. Near the foot of the former mountain is a cliff hundred of feet in height where, on a narrow shelf under an overhanging rock and in plain view of the road, a pair of Golden Eagles used to breed. I have seen them circling about this wilderness ever but that was many years ago. I think they deserted the place in the summer of 18        when one of them was killed by a farmer living just above the hotel and mailed to the trunk of a pine growing by the roadside where I found and examined the <sup>bird</sup> ~~after it had decomposition had rendered it unfit for preservation~~ <sup>and so for that the specimen could not be preserved.</sup> On the right of the road, at no great distance from it but completely hidden by intervening trees and underbrush, are several narrow pits and channels worn deep in the solid rock by Bear River: Moose Cave, one of the largest of these, owes its name - if tradition may be believed - to the fact that a moose was once overtaken and slain



Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22  
(hs 3)

There by a hunter from Newry. Below the notch and close to the roadway is a similar pit, circular in shape and evidently hollowed out by water but now dry. This is called "the pond". Still further down the river flows through a succession of others, known collectively as "Seven Angel Falls". All these "miracles of nature", as the writers of guide books are given to terming them, excite the wonder and admiration of very many people who travel the road to Upton without bestowing much of any notice on countless other things equally wonderful and infinitely more beautiful, if somewhat less striking.

There is a story, once current but now long forgotten, to the effect that a certain country doctor, on his way to Upton to visit a patient, was attacked in the notch, just after dark, by a Congar which attempted to spring on him from a wayside thicket but was repelled by vigorous and well aimed blows of a heavy whip. This happened in July 1874 when I was staying at the Cedar House and saw the doctor drive up to its front porch with his horse covered with foam and himself much overwrought by the excitement of his adventure. No doubt he had met with something unusual in the notch for he was perfectly familiar with the place and accustomed to driving through it by night but whether a man he saw a Congar is another matter. The quality of my own testimony bearing to the affair will perhaps reward the reader of that of the man in the ~~form~~ old tale who was ridiculed by some friends for claiming to have seen a ghost and a woodland spirit sought to convince them that he had not been mistaken by offering to show them the spring and the place where he had dropped them in his flight.

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22

(no 4)

Soon after passing the source of Bear River in the upper part of Grafton North the stage road comes to another water shed which slopes northwest and is drained by the Swift Cambridge, at first a tiny rivulet, next a broad laughing brook flowing over gravelly shallows and finally a small river which, after mingling its clear glancing waters with the more turbid and sluggish ones of the Dead Cambridge, empties into Lake Umbagog.

For a distance of several miles from the headwaters of this little stream its course is closely followed by the road over an open and nearly level plateau swept by icy winds. At every season I saw michenerium and then sometimes visited by devastating frosts. Despite these drawbacks and that of a generally thin and barren sandy soil most of the land is cultivated - albeit in a shiftless, half-hearted way - producing scanty crops of hay and of such hardy grains as buckwheat, oats and rye. Beyond this flat the road leaves the river on its left and enters a broken pretty wooded tract of country where the tired stage horses must descend a succession of steep hills before they can enjoy the well-earned food and rest that await them in the stable at Upton. As they approach it along a stretch of straight and level road bordered in places by groups or rows of trees one sees in advance a few small houses, a little white church and two or three country stores with groups of men and boys loitering on their front platforms.

These buildings represent the village center of Upton a town containing on present day

inhabitants. Here the road

divides, its right hand fork descending a steep hill to the old Lake House where it terminates, the other branch inclining to the westward and leading to Lakeside and to Bethel. Thence by the traveler now pursues he has not far to go





Return to Upton.

1907

July 22  
(No 6)

Among these forms are such trees and shrubs as the  
field pine, the oak, the black birch, the gray birch  
and the sweet fern and such birds as the House Wren,  
the Yellow Warbler, the Hermit, the Yellow-throated Vireo,  
the Field Sparrow, the Flicker and the Northern Oriole.

Commoner than our birds not known to occur in early  
summer to the southward of Greatton Lake which breed  
very generally throughout the heavily forested region lying  
just to the northward. Good examples of this latter class  
are the Hudsonian Titmouse, the Titmouse, Bay-Breasted  
Cape May and Mourning Warblers, the Philadelphia Vireo, the  
Canada Jay, the Yellow-bellied Flycatcher, the Tree Sparrow  
of the Two Woodpeckers, and the Spruce Grouse.

It will be understood of course that what I have just said  
is intended to apply only to those seasons when these  
birds are actually breeding and to their distribution on  
that season in the country traversed by and on no great  
elevations above, the rocks. At considerably higher elevations  
several of the species breed among the White Mountains not  
far from Boston and even farther southward.

Besides the visitors just given there are others less  
definite and shifting, yet almost equally significant and  
interesting, of forms of plant and animal life which, although  
found almost everywhere along this road, become either  
more or less wonderfully represented after one has passed  
through the notch, whether to the northward or southward.

Spinus pinus.

Bethel, Maine.

1907,  
July 22.

The village of Bethel has been swarming of late with Pine Linnets. I see or hear them constantly, whenever I stroll down the street that leads to the post office, usually in the tops of the elms and sugar maples. To-day I found two feeding on the ground under an elm. Both were adults and I think a pair. They were eating seeds but of what I could not determine although I think they were the fallen seeds of the elm. Most of the birds I see are in small flocks. As a rule they give only the chattering flight calls, but once to-day I heard the shorter form of song which may be closely rendered thus : Swee-e-e-e-e given with a rising inflection.

Hirundo erythrogaster.

1907,  
July 23.

Lake Umbagog.

Early this morning I saw several Barn Swallows engaged in mobbing the Lakeside cat who was crouched at the time on the edge of the piazza. The Swallows were evidently solicitous about their young which, however, were quite safe, being perched in a row on the telephone wire that passes the house. The parent birds to the number of four or five would dart at the cat in quick succession coming in from the open field in front of the house at a height of only a yard or two above the ground and on nearly a level plane, not swooping down from above as Tree Swallows do under like conditions. Nor did they snap their bills as the Tree Swallows will when similarly engaged. As a rule they passed the cat well out of reach but every now and then one came within a foot or two of her head. Whenever this happened she would strike at the bird with her right paw but rather slowly and clumsily I thought and always without success. I have known cats that would have made more profitable use of such an opportunity.

August 2.

Awaking in my room at Lakeside about midnight, the night dark and cloudy, I heard repeatedly the alarm cry of a Barn Swallow which seemed to fly back and forth close past my window. It must have been a bird that still has young in the nest in our barn, for most of the Barn Swallows go off somewhere, I cannot find where, to roost for the night, returning again in the early morning.



Astragalinus tristis.

1907,

Lakeside.

July 24.

A Goldfinch singing on wing at the height of the breeding season moves through the air in a perfectly level plane and hence in a manner very different from that of its ordinary flight. Sometimes it describes a large and irregular circle, sometimes proceeds almost or quite straight. Whatever be its course it usually flies above the tops of the tallest trees and beats its wings continuously but rather feebly or loosely something after the manner of a butterfly. All the while it sings continuously and very sweetly its chanting strain. This ended it pitches down to the nearest tree or telegraph wire to rest for a time before rising and singing again. I have repeatedly seen the singing bird closely followed by another which did not sing, but which flew exactly like the first. In no instance, however, have I been able to determine the sex of the second bird.

Passerculus sandwichensis savanna.

1907,

Lakeside, N.H.

July 24.

A Savanna Sparrow perched in a bush by the roadside near Lakeside Hotel evidently anxious about young which must have been concealed in the grass field beyond the fence, called tsun, tsun, incessantly as long as I remained near at hand. This note was very like that of a Junco.

July 25.

What was evidently the same bird for it was perched on the same twig, did not once give the tsun note to-day, but instead called tit, tit, ti-ti or tit, tit-ti-ti or tit-ti-ti-ti. This chirping bore some resemblance to that of a Chippy (S. socialis) but was sharper and more wiry.

Another bird in the Sargent clearing this evening used the same tit or ti-ti calls. It was at first in a leafy tree and afterwards on a rock near by. It seemed even more anxious than the bird at Lakeside.

Petrochelidon lunifrons.

Lakeside, N.H.

1907,  
July 26.

Char

Shur

G'hur

Chur-r-r

E-ar, e-ar, e-ar. A rather plaintive note, not often heard, given just as some birds took wing - evidently a cry of alarm, I thought; sometimes used singly, sometimes repeated two or three times in quick succession.

The cork-in-the-bottle notes must represent the Eave Swallows' attempts at song. I do not then know that the young are on wing with their parents. The young are fed in the air mounting straight up with the parent, bill to bill.



Passerculus sandwichensis savanna.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

July.

Savanna Sparrows are very common and generally distributed throughout the hillside pastures and grass fields in Upton and Cambridge. In places they breed in what are practically small colonies. This is the case in the intervale on the Lake shore, in front of Lakeside Hotel where, within the space of a few acres, one may start as many as ten or a dozen birds or hear several males singing at once. They sing very late into the evening and very early in the morning as well as during cold rainy weather when most other birds are silent. The songs of the birds found about the lake seem to me less strident and <sup>more</sup> musical and varied than <sup>of</sup> those which occur on the sea coast. They are very insect-like, however, and coming, as they often do, from beds of grass where the birds are concealed, are strongly suggestive of the chirping of crickets mingled with the of grasshoppers.

Empidonax traillii alnorum.

1907.  
July.

Lake Umbagog.

The Alder Flycatcher is one of the commonest of birds about the outskirts of the farms at the foot of Lake Umbagog, and along the road leading thence to Errol in one direction and to Grafton in the other. It is found somewhat more sparingly in B Meadow, on the banks of the Androscoggin near Leonard's Pond and, no doubt, in a few other semi-open or bush-grown places not far from the lake. It is a very retiring bird, much oftener heard than seen. Occasionally one will mount to the top of a dead tree or stub and perch there for minutes at a time, perhaps in blazing sunshine, every now and then launching out in pursuit of a flying insect. But this, does not happen often for, as a rule, the bird remains closely hidden at all times in its favorite thickets. These may be made up chiefly of alders or of low growing willows or perhaps of young sapling trees of various kinds. If they are a trifle swampy or springy the Alder Flycatcher will like them all the better although it sometimes occurs in high well drained localities. At the height of the ~~breeding~~ season it is very noisy at all hours but immediately after its arrival in May and towards the close of its brief stay in our region it is not often heard except at morning and evening when it sings and calls at earlier and later hours than do most other birds. I have noted the commoner variants of what I take to be its song as follows: Quee-queer, quèe-ah, quèe-wish, quee-wishy. All these notes are so strongly emphasized that it is difficult, as in the case of the Chebec cry of the Least Flycatcher, to de-

Empidonax traillii alnorum.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,

July.                    termine on which syllable the chief accent falls. They  
(2) are sometimes given in quick succession or at wider intervals which are filled by indescribable low, harsh twittering or chattering sounds. The usual call note of the Alder Flycatcher is a low pip. Although not apparently loud it may be heard hundreds of yards away when the air is still.

July 31.

Lakeside, N.H.

Two at evening calling to one another in the twilight.

They used the pip note and less frequently a peer or pique-a, not wholly unlike the que-queah of the breeding season and perhaps a modification of it, but I think a different note. They were among pasture spruces by the roadside.



Dendroica maculosa.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

We-we-ter-te-wee-chee

Wee-ter-te-wee-chee

(A bird singing in Sargent opening at evening).

Pretty-pretty-Rachel

(Another bird, same locality).

Chaetura pelagica.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 2.

As I was walking along the road past the Sargent Cove I saw a Swift enter, almost at full speed, a hole in the roof of a small shed from which a stove funnel had evidently been removed. At the same instant I heard the chattering of young inside. A minute or so later the old bird emerged and flew off over the lake. I then entered the shed and found, as I had expected, the nest attached to the gable end of the shed about 2 feet below the peak of the roof and 7 feet above the floor. A fully feathered bird which I took at first to be young flew out of the stove hole a few minutes later. I then saw four or five young in the nest. They were scarce half grown and only partly feathered. Neither parent returned although I waited in the shed until it was nearly dark. At Upton there is a Swift's nest built in a similar manner in my boathouse with egg shells beneath it on the floor.

Seiurus noveboracensis.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

The Water Thrush is at times intensely curious. As I was sitting in my canoe this afternoon in a sheltered cove one appeared on the shore within three yards of me. By degrees it approached even nearer running about over some driftwood, now and then pausing to look at me intently with its large dark eyes. Even when I moved abruptly it showed no fear of me. It was an adult male, for it sang repeatedly in full rich tones. Its plumage appeared fresh and unworn. Although a rather plainly colored bird the Water Thrush is exceptionally neat and attractive looking. All its movements, too, are graceful and interesting. But one cannot help wondering why it never ceases even for a moment to wag its tail.



Merula migratoria.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

In my boat house at Upton I found, to-day, a Robin's nest built on cross timber inside the building to which access can be had by a bird only through a broken pane of glass. This, at least, is the case at present but the nest is not a fresh one and may have been there several years. The mice have filled its cavity with cotton waste.

Merganser americanus.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

In a sheltered cove behind B Point (opp. Lakeside) I  
came suddenly on a brood of 6 young Sheldrake and their mother,  
this afternoon. Although about half grown and already partly  
feathered they took at once to the shore which was here rather  
steep and densely covered with bushes. I ran the canoe in and  
waited. In about five minutes two of the young birds emerged from  
under some driftwood lodged among the bushes and running quite  
nimble to the water entered it and swam out into the lake, diving  
at intervals. The other <sup>four</sup> ~~five~~ with their mother must have crossed  
the wooded point for ten minutes later the entire brood and their  
parent appeared together swimming out in deep water. The old bird  
croaked, but the young made no sound.

Ceryle alcyon.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

Watched a Kingfisher perched on a stub over the water.

It sat there for 20 minutes gazing intently down at times. All the while it kept its crest raised, its mandibles slightly parted. Every now and then it would raise and lower its body at the same time bobbing its head up and down much after the manner of a Screech Owl. These motions were sometimes accompanied by a slow up and down tilting of the tail. Although not over 15 yards away the bird (an adult male) did not appear to notice me or the canoe in which I was sitting.



Ceophloeus pileatus.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,  
August 7.

When I went up Cambridge River with Jim Bernier in June 1903, we found about 200 yards above the big "logan" what we took to be the new nest of a Pileated Woodpecker. It was in a dead tree about 30 yards from the bank of the river. For some reason that I have forgotten we did not examine it, but I asked Alva Coolidge to do so. He told me to-day that he went there after I left Lakeside and found a brood of young Pileated Woodpeckers climbing about on the outside of the stub. The next spring he and another man went to the place hoping to get a set of eggs. His companion climbed the stub and found in the hole four young Saw-whet Owls. Two of these were much larger than the other two.

Lophodytes cucullatus.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,  
August 7.

Alva Coolidge tells me that he has seen a female Hooded Merganser with a brood of young this season in the Cambridge River above B Meadows. He says the species is now very rare in this region.

Tyrannus tyrannus.

1907,

Lake Umbagog:

August 10.

Despite his fearlessness in attacking Hawks and Owls the Kingbird - like many another bully under similar circumstances - sometimes gives way and seeks safety in ignominious flight when assailed by a bird not larger and apparently no more powerful than himself. I saw this happen to-day when a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker pursued and overtook a Kingbird in a cove behind B Point. The two birds passed me within ten yards when I saw the Woodpecker deal repeated blows at the back of the Kingbird who was doubling and twisting all the while and giving his shrill alarm notes incessantly. After they had separated the Woodpecker alighted very near me on a stub when I was surprised to find that it was a young bird, apparently a female.

August 5.

The Kingbird has not learned, apparently, to discriminate between Hawks of dangerous and harmless kinds. I saw one pursue a Fish Hawk for some distance this afternoon rising above it and darting down to peck at its head and back. Half an hour afterwards I was sitting in my sailing canoe when this same Kingbird alighted on the mast which is only about 6 feet in height. It remained there only an instant, however. The sail was not hoisted at the time.



Larus philadelphia.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 14.

A Bonaparte's Gull appeared off Lakeside this afternoon, during a heavy blow from the N.W. It coursed about over the open lake and entered the cove at the mouth of the Cambridge, but did not approach the land closely. It flew most of the time at a height of 20 or 30 feet above the water, but every now and then it would swoop almost straight down in the manner of a Tern. On reaching the surface of the water it would either hover just above it for a moment apparently to pick up some floating object or would alight and swim about, perhaps for several minutes, before taking wing again. It was a beautiful creature, appearing snow white when seen against the dark green background of the forest, and very buoyant and graceful in all its movements. The behavior which I have just attempted to describe is characteristic of this species of Gull. By it one may usually distinguish the bird from the Common Tern for which it is likely to be mistaken at a distance.

1907

August

Lake Umbagog

View from  
Upton Hill

I have referred in terms of ardent praise to the  
view from Upton Hill. Yet Northern New England has many  
an elevation from which may be seen higher mountains, deeper  
lakes and equally extensive forests. In what respect, then,  
is this particular outlook so superior and remarkable? It  
is difficult to answer this question satisfactorily. More than  
once after seeing it, personally & by report, I returned  
to Upton fully prepared and indeed expecting - to modify  
the judgment above expressed. But on every such occasion -  
the spleen pleases and admiration with which I first  
looked down on the lake and its surroundings on the day of  
a fine afternoon in 1871 has grown and deepened rather  
than been reversed.

## Lake Umbagog

1907.

August

View from  
Upton  
Hill.

Umbagog as seen from Upton Hill looks more like a broad and winding river than a lake for its greatest width is but little more than a mile and its total length upwards of twelve miles when it stretches towards every point of the compass. It is immediately bordered for the most part by low or only slightly elevated land which extends back for distances varying from a few hundred yards to a mile or more before giving place to the hills and mountains that rise in every direction, tier above tier, as far as the eye can reach. In a few places, however, outlying spurs or ridges slope steeply down to the very edge of the water. Everywhere, even at the southern extremity of the lake and just below the Narrows, where there are scattered farms, the shores are clothed in heavy forest which flows backward and upward in billowy waves of verdure over all the <sup>neighboring</sup> hills and mountains. From Upton Hill this forest seems unbroken and of boundless extent as, indeed, it was very far for it covers hundreds of square miles where the only open spaces are those formed by lakes or rivers and it stretches northward, practically without interruption save by towns and similarly natural openings, to the borders of Canada and beyond a distance of more than fifty miles. It forms a rich and appropriate setting for the shining lake and, when viewed from above and at distances too great to reveal the changes wrought by fire and by the lumbermen it still presents, no doubt, much the same general aspect as in the days - not so very long ago - when it was known only to the Indians and to a few white hunters and trappers. One has to dwell on such a thought and to picture in imagination the primitive men and the game and fur-bearing animals they pursued. The Indians are gone, of course, and the white hunters have lost much



1907.

Lake Umbagog

Mammals.

of their old-time headland and <sup>while</sup> picturesque shores; the shores of the lake are lined in places by summer camps and its waters are ploughed by several swift steamers besides an ever increasing number of canoes and other small pleasure craft. But the deep, pathless forest remains almost untouched except by lumbermen and native hunters and in many respects it is essentially unchanged. Nor has it ceased to harbor at least a fair representation of nearly all the mammals and birds which formerly inhabited or visited it; its innermost recesses have long since ceased of course to ring with the howling of hungry Wolves, the Loopedawies no longer stalk and spring on the covering floors which haunts its wooded "cedar" swamps, and its moss-crested bays and mountain crests are seldom if ever visited now by the rollers, wide-winged Caribou. The last Wolves disappeared more than half a century ago but the Loopedawies were common and the Caribou sometimes seen in large herds as lately as 1875 or 1880. These three species with the Moose, of whose occasional occurrence near the lake less than forty years ago there is some <sup>or believed</sup> apparently good evidence, are the only mammals known to have descended the region since it was first visited by white men.\*

\* The Wolverine is said to have been taken in Maine in early colonial times but I have been unable to learn that this animal ~~was~~ ever ~~been~~ common, even by tradition, to the hunters at Lake Umbagog.

1907.

Lake Umbagog

Mammals

All the other animals to be found about or on or near  
distance from, the Lake. Among them are the gigantic  
Moose, the graceful Deer, the sturdy Black Bear, the wise  
Beaver, the wary Otter, the sly Red Fox, the insatiable  
Raccoon, the restless Fisher, the Sparrow - Hopping Sable,  
the nervous Mink, the bloodthirsty Weasels, the thick-skinned  
Porcupine, the sleek badger, the slow-footed Skunk and  
the near-sighted, preoccupied Woodchuck.

When the first white settlers reached the Lake in  
1823 and 1824 they found Moose abundant but Deer  
scarcely seen in its bordering forest. The Indians <sup>asserted</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>assured</sup> ~~that~~  
that these conditions had existed as far back as their  
traditions went. There was <sup>not</sup> then, nor ever had been, any  
protection for any kind of game on any season and the  
unfortunate loss of the forest was that the forest and the  
only shelter. In March when the snow was deep  
and heavy. Caught the Deer had little chance of escape  
from the Wolves and from equally merciless human pursuers.

Here they barely managed to maintain a precarious foothold in  
the very smallest numbers. But the sturdy, long-legged Moose  
could run for days in succession through snow five or six  
feet in depth, and even when overtaken and brought to bay  
they were probably quite able to defend themselves against the  
pursuers while they were not easily slain by the primitive  
weapons of the Indians. But they did not last long after  
the white hunters got among them. Most of them were  
killed before 1850 and by 1870 they had become so  
rare that even their tracks were seldom seen. They began  
to reappear about ten or fifteen years later and they are  
now of not uncommon and regular occurrence especially  
in the northern end of the Lake and along the wooded

## Loche Umbagog.

Mammals

reaches of Cambridge River.

There were only a very few Deer in the neighboring forest when I first visited Upton in 1871 but they became numerous by 1885 and very abundant soon ten years later. Since then these woods have fluctuated somewhat from season to season although they have continued to be plentiful enough to supply the local hunters and the winter sportsmen with abundance of <sup>hensons, sometimes,</sup> ~~its presence~~ <sup>its presence</sup> it is to be found, at seasons when ~~its presence~~ is not sanctioned by laws.

Bears have held their own fairly well ever since the first settlement of the country, despite misadventures stimulated by the ever increasing value of their richly furred pelts and by the state bounty offered for their destruction. ~~I have been told~~ <sup>It is said</sup> that in the earlier days they would not always give place to man when encountered in narrow forest paths and I can remember when they often appeared boldly by day in the hills pastures about Upton to prey upon sheep. Although they have not as yet wholly ceased the latter practice they have become, as a rule, among the most timid and retiring of all the larger mammals. Even the She-Bear with cubs will no longer follow the hunter but, on the contrary, will desert <sup>on offering</sup> ~~him~~ on the first alarm to seek her own safety in precipitous flight. Indeed a bull Moose or a wounded buck Deer is more to be feared at the present time than is the angry Black Bear.

Not long after the Bonaparte disappeared from the Umbagog forest and from that of the greater part of northern New England as well / its place was taken by the Bay Lynx and animal hunters unknown, it



1907.

Lake Umbagog

Mammals

would seem, to the local hunters. Of this more southern species of "Hole Cat" several specimens have been taken in or near Upton within the past twelve years and the general impression among the guides and trappers is that it is now permanently established and fast becoming common. Still the Canada Lynx it has no fear of a trap-line when exposed to ours - but is nevertheless diffident to enter into one for the reason that its sense of smell is so poor, that it will pass very near a redoubt but without detecting its presence.

Foxes, Skunks and Woodchucks are abundant everywhere as they have been since time immemorial.

V  
1907.

Lake Umbagog.

Mammals

Beaver have increased. Raccoons are rather common and generally distributed. Otter, Fishers and Skunks may still be found about or not far from the Lake but all these species are becoming very scarce if not in serious danger of local extinction. The Mink is perhaps similarly threatened although it is still not uncommon. There are herds of beaver ten large and smaller species but they are seldom seen except by the professional trappers who are finding a ready market for their fur - formerly considered quite worthless. The Beaver was brought very near to extinction by the trappers but it has been protected by laws at every season for the past few years with the result that it has multiplied exceedingly and collected many of its former haunts.\*

\* In the summer of 1907 I examined a large inhabited Beaver house on the banks of Cambridge River but a short distance above the Abbott mill and was told of a dam which extended across this stream only a few miles further up.

The muskrat therein has as elsewhere with little or no protection. Although others are confident to such a degree that it may be ~~lost~~ that on two past expeditions difficulty by the worst type section. ~~difficultly~~ it is so very hardy & prolific that it continues to maintain itself even where most persistently hunted and whenever left unmolested for a time quickly makes good whatever numerical losses it may have suffered. It haunts most of the coves of the Lake and is especially abundant about its outlet and at the mouth of Cambridge River.

1907.

Laurel Umbagog.

~~Laurel~~, causing any appreciable diminution in the number of ~~the~~ <sup>mammals</sup>. ~~of the interesting~~ <sup>here</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~seldom~~ <sup>seldom</sup> ~~noted~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~here~~ <sup>although</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~foxes~~ <sup>Fishes, Foxes, Birds and other flesh-eating creatures; the Gray Squirrel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~rare~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~occasional~~ <sup>occasional</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Red Squirrel~~ <sup>Red Squirrel and the</sup> ~~chipmunk~~ <sup>chipmunk</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~abundant~~ <sup>abundant</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~common~~ <sup>common</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Gray~~ <sup>Gray</sup> ~~hatter~~ <sup>hatter</sup> ~~Flying Squirrel~~ <sup>Flying Squirrel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~common~~ <sup>common</sup> ~~enough~~ <sup>enough</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~seldom~~ <sup>seldom</sup> ~~noted~~ <sup>noted</sup> ~~because~~ <sup>because</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~strictly~~ <sup>strictly</sup> ~~nocturnal~~ <sup>nocturnal</sup> ~~habits~~ <sup>habits</sup> ~~Deer~~ <sup>Deer</sup> ~~Mice~~ <sup>Mice</sup> ~~Red-backed~~ <sup>Red-backed</sup> ~~Mice~~ <sup>Mice</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Short-tailed~~ <sup>Short-tailed</sup> ~~Shrews~~ <sup>Shrews</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~throughout~~ <sup>throughout</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~forest~~ <sup>forest</sup> ~~Kangaroo~~ <sup>Kangaroo</sup> ~~Mice~~ <sup>Mice</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~uncommon~~ <sup>uncommon</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~timber~~ <sup>timber</sup> ~~near~~ <sup>near</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~lake~~ <sup>lake</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~banks~~ <sup>banks</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~coursing~~ <sup>coursing</sup> ~~streams~~ <sup>streams</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Brewer's~~ <sup>Brewer's</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Star-nosed~~ <sup>Star-nosed</sup> ~~Moles~~ <sup>Moles</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> ~~freely~~ <sup>freely</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~boggy~~ <sup>boggy</sup> ~~grassy~~ <sup>grassy</sup> ~~places~~ <sup>places</sup> ~~There~~ <sup>There</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~Woodchucks~~ <sup>Woodchucks</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~plenty~~ <sup>plenty</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~forest~~ <sup>forest</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~well~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> ~~forever~~ <sup>forever</sup> ~~country~~ <sup>country</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Black-throated~~ <sup>Black-throated</sup> ~~Warblers~~ <sup>Warblers</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~both~~ <sup>both</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~small~~ <sup>small</sup> ~~birds~~ <sup>birds</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~although~~ <sup>although</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~common~~ <sup>common</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~woods~~ <sup>woods</sup> ~~especially~~ <sup>especially</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~ones~~ <sup>ones</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trappers~~ <sup>trappers</sup> ~~Bats~~ <sup>Bats</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~numerous~~ <sup>numerous</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~summer~~ <sup>summer</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~lake~~ <sup>lake</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~identified~~ <sup>identified</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~carefully~~ <sup>carefully</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~am~~ <sup>am</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~misled~~ <sup>misled</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~assertion~~ <sup>assertion</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~recognized~~ <sup>recognized</sup> ~~both~~ <sup>both</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Eastern~~ <sup>Eastern</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~less~~ <sup>less</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~Bat~~ <sup>Bat</sup> ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~year~~ <sup>year</sup> ~~given~~ <sup>given</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~unquestionably~~ <sup>unquestionably</sup> ~~far~~ <sup>far</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~complete~~ <sup>complete</sup> ~~No~~ <sup>No</sup> ~~doubt~~ <sup>doubt</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~expert~~ <sup>expert</sup> ~~collector~~ <sup>collector</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~mammals~~ <sup>mammals</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~soon~~ <sup>soon</sup> ~~add~~ <sup>add</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~especially~~ <sup>especially</sup> ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~traverse~~ <sup>traverse</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~country~~ <sup>country</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~purpose~~ <sup>purpose</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~collecting~~ <sup>collecting</sup> ~~birds~~ <sup>birds</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~Mice~~ <sup>Mice</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~Shrews~~ <sup>Shrews</sup>.

Moose shows themselves occasionally and Deer, Mice and Foxes rather frequently, about the shores of the lake. The shallow waters of the lake covers are



1907

August

Mammals.

furrowed away coming by muskrats swimming to and fro. As twilight is passing into night a Skunk, ambling along a wood road or digging for crabs in the grass, or, more, attract the eye of the wayfarer by its conspicuous white markings. The Porcupine is still more likely to be encountered often in broad daylight although it runs about most freely by night. Relying for safety on its bristling armature of quills it seldom makes any very efficient use of its short legs as a means of escape and may be usually approached as near as our cars to go to its furrowed back looking a creature. In the heart of the forest, as well as on its outskirts, Red and Chapman's Squirrels are heard, one of them or many by day, ~~at~~ <sup>in</sup> the night the camper is sure to hear the rasping sounds of their, and the third - third - thirding of heavy footed Hares, moving about in the brushwood close at hand, perhaps within a yard or two of his couch. Every now and then a flying squirrel may alight with a thumping thump on the upper pole of the tent and then slide or scamper down its flapping flying roof, dimly seen, perhaps, through the thin fabric of the tent in moonlight. All these, with Woodchucks, Mice, Shrews and Bats of several kinds, one may see or hear during a brief sojourn in the forests about Lake Umbagog. But the chances are remote indeed of getting so much as a fleeting glimpse of a Bear, or Lynx, Bobcat, Otter, a Sable or a Fisher. <sup>Rarely are</sup> ~~Indeed they are~~ they are seen only by any one - even by the professional hunter - except when caught in traps. No one of them has ever come under my personal observation although I have sought for them diligently in earlier days and in places where they were then numerous.

## Lodge Umbagog.

1907  
AugustMethods  
of Umbagog.

Methods of lumbering in the region about Lake Umbagog as well as elsewhere in New England have changed greatly within the past thirty years. In the earlier days there was little or no demand for any but straight, round pine and Spruce logs that could be sawn into square timbers of reasonable size or into boards or planks of a foot or more in width. It was customary then to cut only trees of these species and to pass by all which were less than fourteen inches in diameter at the point where they were to be cut from the stump. One night there about the borders of a forest where the lumbermen had been at work all the previous week without making any perceptible thing of the trees. It is for all that now for wherever the lumbermen have been of late the enormous trees which be found to have almost wholly disappeared. That the large mills cannot use saw as food for the still more insatiable and destructive pulp mills and more saplings only four or five inches diameter or the but show the fate of the older trees. Balsams and firs are quite as valuable for pulp as are pines and Spruces for lumber and on many of the timber lands are found trees down to the size of Green firs or but a single log is being hoisted away. This rule is not without exceptions, however. Thus I am told that the Lake and Pungwa Complex, of Swanton, still adhere to the old rule of cutting no trees that measure less than fourteen inches on the stump.

Until very recently lumbering operations in the forest were carried on only during the colder months usually beginning about the first of November and ceasing as soon as the open lakes & rivers became free of ice in the Spring and the logs could be drawn to market. Now <sup>more or less</sup> men are kept in the woods throughout the winter months.

1907

August

The weather here was very hot at first, but soon  
in midsummer.

Golden Gate

Golden Gate  
California



1907.

Lake Umbagog.

Stub Forests.

Within the memory of persons still living in Upton the shores of Lake Umbagog were bordered nearly everywhere by large and vigorous coniferous trees of which very many were old growth white pines. Most of these and of the larger spruces and cedar trees had been cut and rafted away by the lumbermen before my first visit to the lake in 1871. Its shores were then evergreen in places but for the most part fringed with dead or dying trees, chiefly red maples, black ashes, canoe birch and balsam fir, which the water had killed or severely injured not long after its level had been raised a number of feet by the dam built across the Androscoggin River at Gorham in 1852\*. At the

\* The original dam was built two years. It was carried out by the water in 1887 and replaced, a little lower down the river, by the present dam which was completed in 1888.

outlet and outlet of the lake, in consequence of its larger waves and elsewhere where the shores were sufficiently low and flat to be subject to prolonged inundation, there stubs, as they were called, stood by hundreds or even thousands in grain and bristling away. Most of them were without bark and weathered to a soft stone gray or grayish-white color. Many had lost all their lateral branches and some were already far advanced in decay. In these trunks woodpeckers and various kinds of woodpeckers had drilled innumerable holes only the more recent of which were occupied by the birds which had excavated them most of the others having passed into the possession of the white bellied or "Stub" Swallows. There were also Wood Ducks, Whistlers, Gossamers, Hooded Mergansers, Brown Grackles, Bluebirds, Crested Flycatchers and even Kingbirds, nesting in natural cavities and hollows or in abandoned and perhaps accidentally enlarged holes made by Flickers or by Pelicled Woodpeckers.

1907

Lake Umbagog.

Brown Creepers, too, were much given to haunting the stubs where they built their nests under large scales of semi-detached bark. In short these forests of acient and crumbling trees fairly teemed at the right season with varied and interesting bird life: The Swallows and Grackles were especially abundant. At the mouth of Cambridge River and about the outlet of the Lake, where they bred in colonies, I have seen them rise and circle in swarms when disturbed by the report of a gun. The Woodpeckers, although scarcely less numerous, were more scattered and hence somewhat less conspicuous. The Ducks were least conspicuous of all for they were too wary to often show themselves about their nests unless when started from them.

Stubs Forest.

These were indeed halcyon days for the ornithologist who visited Lake Umbagog in late May or early June and who knew how to work the stub forests systematically and intelligently for rare bird nests. One might then find - and take without let or hindrance, for the game laws were little regarded and seldom or never enforced - eggs of five or six species of Woodpeckers and of almost as many different kinds of Ducks, besides those of the Brown Creeper, the Canada and the Olive-breasted Nuthatch, the Browned Grackle, the Olive-bellied Swallow and the Kingbird, with perhaps, occasionally, a set laid by the locally rare Crested Flycatcher or by the Hooded Owl. I do not mean to say, of course, that the eggs of all these species could be obtained by any one collector, however energetic and fortunate, in a single season. Some of the birds were far from numerous and it was not always easy to find nests of even the commoner kinds among thousands of stubs almost every other one of which was

1907.

Lower Umbagog.

Stab Forests.

literally riddled with holes. All these could not well be examined and even long experience in this particular kind of field work failed to enable its possessor to distinguish certainly between such as would repay investigation and such as might safely be passed by. Indeed he was sure to waste much valuable time in climbing to promising looking but untenanted cavities and equally so to commit, every now and then, the still graver mistake of neglecting others of unpromising appearance which, as he might afterwards learn to his sorrow, had contained rare or coveted eggs. Or again he might find, upon looking into and thereby ruining a nest from which a bird had been seen to fly, that he was either too early or too late for a full set of fresh eggs. These and similar difficulties and disappointments only added, of course, to the pleasure and interest of a day spent about the shores of Lower Umbagog looking for the eggs of these nesting birds. And its material rewards in the way of specimens secured, if not perhaps equal to those which have been attained in other and still more favored regions, were, nevertheless, often very satisfactory.

The water among the Stabs was anywhere from two or three to six or eight feet deep in spring. Hence our work was always done in boats. The pleasantest of all methods of collecting - and usually with the assistance of one of the best guides. While engaged in it we often disturbed Bats which were spending the day in hollow trunks or under loose scales of bark. An experience which I had with them on June 18 was so very unusual and interesting that I am tempted to describe it here.



1907.

Stub Forests

For upwards of twenty years after I first saw them the stub forests about the shores of Lake Umbagog continued to be among its most characteristic and ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> attraction features. But they could not last indefinitely. One after another the forests thus weathered by decay, by the attacks of wood boring insects and by the burning effects of ~~wood~~ <sup>wood</sup> under their roots, rotted and fell, sometimes during violent gales but perhaps often - ~~because of the~~ <sup>because of the</sup> fall very soon - when the weather was merely or quite calm.\*

\*I have noticed that whenever dead trees fall in calm weather it is usually during or just after a prolonged rain which, of course, soaks into the trunks and branches adding materially to their weight.

Once when there was literally no wind blowing I was approaching a point in my boat when a tall stub, at the very base of which I was intending to land, toppled towards me and buried itself in the lake. I have heard others fall in the dead of night when the air was still and when the crashing of the heavy trunks striking the water or the duller sounds produced by their impact with the earth, were not less startling than impressive. At the outlet of the lake numbers of stubs were removed by the lumbermen some twenty years ago because they impeded the passage of the logs in spring and about ten years since very many of the dryer and stender ones in the coves near Upton were cut ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> for the country people for fuel. Thus the disintegrating forces of nature ~~have been somewhat aided by the hand of man~~ <sup>have been somewhat aided by the hand of man</sup> have done their work until <sup>the stubs are nearly gone and</sup> now the shores of the lake, ~~perhaps~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> as generally and uniformly clothed with living vegetation as they were before the dam was built. But the verdure is not the same as then for most of the pines, spruces and arbutus have disappeared and their places have been taken very largely by deciduous trees & shrubs.

# Lake Umbagog.

1907

August

There are lakes which impress one as dominating their immediate surroundings, <sup>(which seem)</sup> others to be dominated by them. Umbagog belongs to the latter class. It is too narrow and tortuous and too closely approached by majestic mountains to be in itself imposing. Still many a precious stone it owes its charm ~~very~~ largely to the perfection and effectiveness of its setting. In some respects it resembles the expression of a sluggish, gently curving river, especially if a boat is viewed ~~at a distance~~ from some elevation such as like upon Hill. North and South, East and West it stretches, trending, indeed, towards ~~some~~ every point of the compass as it winds among its encircling hills and ridges, following everywhere what appear to have been the lines of least resistance. Although twelve miles in length it is nowhere much more than a mile in width and there are places where the opposite shores approach one another to within less than a quarter of a mile. The coves by which they are indented are almost innumerable and of widely varying shapes and sizes. Some have but a few acres of open water, reached, perhaps, only by ~~some~~ narrow tortuous passages easily overlooked. Others are broad, deep bays, rivalling in apparent extent the outlet reaches through which the steamer channels run and for which they are often mistaken by persons unfamiliar with the region. The number and character of these coves and bays fully establish the claim of Umbagog to be regarded as a lake. They add materially to its interest and attractiveness and contribute importantly to its shore line which, I have been told, exceeds seventy miles in length. This may be an exaggeration of the truth but it is safe to say that to paddle around the entire lake in the course of a single day, keeping everywhere close to the margin of the water, would severely tax the strength and endurance of a veteran canoeist.

General  
character of  
the lake

its coves

Leone Umberto.

1908.

August

Some of the smaller indentations and on least two of the larger ones - viz. B. Brook Cove and Sunday Cove - have bold, rocky shores and, at any season, a fair depth of water. In others - including Seaside Cove, the largest of them all - the shores are low in many places and the shallow water often widely bordered in summer and early autumn by extensive muddy or grassy flats. Still others - as Lytle Cove and Strudwick Cove - possess both sets of conditions in combination, with perhaps here and there a broad beach of white sand, here to ~~indeed~~ be <sup>well</sup> marked with the foot prints of deer and occasionally with those of some wandering moose.

Excepting at high stages of water only a very few of the coves are navigable for steamers and scores of the lesser and more inconspicuous ones remain almost unknown, save to local duck hunters, muskrat trappers and pickeral fishermen. Partly for this reason and also because of the wild and picturesque character of their environment many of these coves impress one deeply with a sense of seclusion and of conditions very soothing and ~~restful~~ to tired human nerves. Being less often disturbed by man than are the central reaches of the Lake they are more frequented by large birds and mammals. Eagles and Ospreys are wont to hover over them, looking for fish; Ducks and Herons to swim or wade in their sandy shallows; <sup>(Come at morning and evening)</sup> Foxes to trot along their grassy margins, searching for meadow mice; and Deer to feed on the roots of the yellow water lilies which flourish whenever the bottom is soft and muddy. Indeed there are few furred or feathered creatures found in the region about the Lake which ~~are~~ many not be seen at the right hour and season <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ one or another of its coves.

1907.

August

When the lake was at its highest stage in spring most of the stub forests were flooded to depths varying from two or three to six or eight feet and one could traverse them easily and very pleasantly in a boat or a canoe. But later in the season they were usually free from water and in many places appeared from the lake by wide margins of grassy marsh, light green in summer, russet brown in autumn. Still further out there might be ranks upon ranks of dark green bullrushes growing in shallow water and swaying rhythmically to and fro as the waves rolled in among them from the open lake. Beyond the bullrushes, where the water deepened to six or eight feet and the bottom was muddy or sandy, one would be likely to find clusters of lily pads (usually those of the common pond lily), and of the leaves of the pretty little floating heart with perhaps a few broad rafts of *Potamogeton* gay in late August with spikes of rose red flowers. There might be *Potamogeton*, also, and here and there a patch of a peculiar kind of grass which often grows in water of considerable depths sending up broad, flat blades, tinged slightly with salmon or purplish, which float in clustering bunches on the surface. They are remarkable for their immunity from the usual effects of submersion. Often when the lake was white-capped here I watched the big waves breaking directly over this grass leaving it quite dry, apparently, or, at the most, spangled with only a few quack-squab-like globules such as those which may be seen on the leaves of the lupine or of the mountain holly, after heavy rain.

By midsummer the stretches of meadow grass, and perhaps the beds of bullrushes as well, were brightened almost everywhere by the yellow flowers of the loosestrife, by the creamy white ones of the arrowhead, and by the pale, slightly greenish, white



1907.

August

cym. - On heads of the water hemlock.

All the aquatic and marsh-loving plants just mentioned, with many others of similar habits, continue to flourish in or about the lake where the local conditions suit their requirements. Indeed they are rather more abundant and widely distributed now than they were twenty or thirty years ago for although the water is higher now than formerly it is kept at a more uniform level in summer and the shore lines are becoming better and better defined and established.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

August 8.

Mrs. West

I have just become acquainted with an interesting and, indeed, remarkable woman, Mrs. Jonathan P. West. I saw her first on the afternoon of my arrival when, as the stage halted in front of the Post Office on Upton Hill, she threw up in a dilapidated open buggy and stopped a moment to speak to our driver. She attracted my attention at once by her bright, roving eyes, swarthy complexion and clear-cut aquiline features which gave her the look of an Italian or of a hard bred Indian, a suggestion enhanced by the large red and black handkerchief she was loosely bound like a turban about her head in lieu of a hat or bonnet. On enquiry I learned that she was of New England stock and a native of New Hampshire, and that she had lived ever since her girlhood on Upton, where she had accumulated what, for that town, is a large property (about \$7500, it is said) by her industry, sagacity and energy and with little help from her husband, who is reputed an easy-going, inefficient sort of man although without bad habits. Mrs. West called for my, by previous appointment, at Lakeside, this afternoon, and drove me over Upton Hill to Base Street, to see their husband. He lives here on one of the three large farms which they own and she on another near the Upton Post Office. The third is the Houghton place at the farmhouse which she has just bought. She carries on all three making them all pay and working in the fields with her hired men and animals as hard as any of them. Although she has passed her seventieth year, she continues to drive a mowing machine, drawn by a pair of horses, over her rocky, stump-bested fields, to pitch the hay, when made, from the cocks into the hay wagon and from this to the mow in the barn, labouring thus ceaselessly for hours in succession. As we drove along

Lake Umbagog

1907

August 8

She chatted most entertainingly. I found her very intelligent Mrs. West and as vivacious and full of fun as a young girl. She is of slight build and wiry rather than muscular but as quick and agile of movement as a school girl. When she got out of the buggy <sup>she</sup> made no use of the step nor of any proffered help but instead raised her finger tips for an instant on the dasher and then vaulted lightly over the front wheel. Despite her masculine ~~features~~ <sup>posture</sup> she is essentially womanly, very sympathetic and devoutly religious, with no trace of the narrow mindedness so common among most of the ~~English~~ <sup>English</sup> church goers of this region. Yet she is a good rifle shot and fond of hunting large game. She pointed out several spots in openings on the hillside where she had slain deer within the past few years and spoke with enthusiasm of a moose hunt which she was planning to undertake in the Ottawa region of Canada this coming autumn. As she talked about these matters her bright eyes flashed and the tinge of red in her neat-brown cheeks deepened perceptibly. But when I questioned her closely about the Lake and its surroundings, half a century ago, she had little to tell me and that of almost no interest. My final estimate of her was that while quick-witted, broad-minded, generous-hearted and singularly wise and practical with regard to business affairs, she had made, on the whole, but poor use of her opportunities for general observation and that concerning most matters not directly connected with the occupation of a farmer or with the pursuit of large game she had only slight and superficial knowledge and recollection. But no better example of the hardy, self-reliant, resourceful type of pioneer women of early colonial times has ever come under my personal observation.

Leath Umbagog.

1907

August 8

On reaching the Back Street place we found Mr. West <sup>Jonathan T.</sup> West lying in bed in one of the lower rooms where he has been kept a close prisoner for several weeks by a broken leg. Yet he was very cheerful and ~~evidently~~ glad to see me. I cannot remember ever meeting him before although he has spent his entire life in Upton where he was born on East 13 Hill, in 1832. Hence he is now eighty-five years of age yet his light brown hair and beard are only slightly streaked with gray. He is of medium size and rather sparsely built but large-boned and sinewy. An intelligent man, blessed with an excellent and as yet unimpaired memory, he was not less able than willing to tell me many things that I wanted to know for his interests have been broader and his powers of observation <sup>keenness</sup>, than those of his wife, however superior she may be to him in practical efficiency. Although a farmer rather than a hunter he has used the gun and the steel trap since boyhood and hence is not unfamiliar with the northern forests and their animal life. In his youth Umbagog was much less extensive in summer than it is at present. It was then bordered in many places by natural meadows where the farmers cut large quantities of coarse hay which they took off with horses and wagons, for the ground was green clay and firm except in early spring, when it was flooded for a few weeks. The forest trees growing at high water mark and for some distance back of this, wherever the land was low and flat, were chiefly white pines. They fringed the banks of the Cambridge, the Umbagog and the Maymeag Rivers and sometimes occurred on high ground remote from water but not very generally or numerously. Most of these near the water were cut and rafted off by the lumbermen between 1840 and 1850. Very little clear white pine



Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August 8

Jonathan P.  
West's  
testimony

lumber was wasted but spruce trees were accounted of no value and wherever they encumbered land desired for farming purposes they were almost invariably piled up and burnt, after being cut down. Mr. West assured me that he had destroyed in this way, on his own land, enough fine old timber spruces to represent a considerable fortune were all the trees still standing. Indeed their present value on the stump would, he said, far exceed that of the land from which they were removed.

When Mr. West was a boy there were numerous about Umbagog, although less so than in still earlier times. There were only a very few Deer and the first settlers had found but few. Caribou occurred plentifully in certain localities. The Canada Lynx, the Fisher and the Sable were all common. The Otter was perhaps the most abundant of all the fur-bearing animals, except the Muskrat, which frequented the shores of the lake and those of its connecting rivers. Pardalotes abounded in the forest and were exceedingly tame. Wild Geese visited the clearings in enormous numbers sometimes "darkening the sun" as their winged phalaropes came between it and the eye of observer and doing much damage to the farmers' grain. They appeared chiefly in spring and autumn and Mr. West has never known more than a few scattered pairs to breed anywhere about the lake. He remembers when the lake attracted innumerable water-fowl, among which were many Canada Geese. He has no recollection of ever seeing a Wolf or even the track of one and he thinks that practically all the Beaver had been trapped or driven away before his time.

Loake Umbagog

1907.

August 8

The following account of Metellus was given me to-day by Mr. West. He was a St. Francis Indian, banished from his tribe because of some technical offense of a fistuloid nature committed when a young man. After leaving Canada he lived for many years about the lower falls of the Pomplé chain having a permanent camp at the narrows on Richardson Lake and one used less regularly, yet not infrequently, on the island in Lake Umbagog that bears his name. He was a thoroughly "good" Indian, honest, upright, truthful, and very kind and friendly in his dealings with the early white settlers, all of whom liked and trusted him. When they were hard pressed for food he often brought them trout and moose meat for, like most of his race, he was an expert fisherman and hunter. He frequently accompanied them as guide and assistant during their excursions into the forest and whenever he visited the settlement at Upton he was cordially welcomed at their houses. He stood in much fear of their dogs, however, and Mr. West remembers that when he came to his father's house on East B Hill he was accustomed to call from the road requesting that their dog be tied before he would enter their door. His only vice was drunkenness, to which he was hopelessly addicted. But he was invariably mild tempered and inoffensive when under the influence of liquor. He had lost one of his eyes when a youth in a mad scuffle with a young Moose, which he and several other Indians had run down on Snows Hows. Metellus punished his companions by fastening him securely on the back of the animal. After it was released it took him through a windfall where his left eye was torn out by a dead branch. Shortly before his

Jonathan P.  
West's  
account of  
Metellus

1907

August 8

Michael McGowan

death he was dragging a load of wood over the snow when the sled got beyond control on a steep slope and ran against him driving a splinter into his remaining eye and at once destroying it. This happened on Metellus Island where a white hunter found him blind and starving a few days later and at his request took him to his people in Canada. After staying with them awhile he started back in company with another white man who deserted him in the woods on the lower Magalloway. Here he was again discovered nearly dead with starvation. This time he was taken to the post house at Andover, Maine where he died a few months later - in the year 1840. Mr. West thought his squaw, Moll, was buried some time before this near the camp in the hollow of Richardson Lake. The water is now ten feet deep over the spot but before it was raised by the building of Middle Dam the grave was opened and Moll's skeleton removed to Andover where it is said to be still preserved. All this I give on Mr. West's authority and in nearly his own words as I noted them at the time. It may be well to compare his statements with those included in an article on Metellus which appeared in "Maine Woods", about February or March, 1907, if I remember rightly. I think I kept it but it is not by me as I write this.

Jonathan P.  
West's  
account of  
Metellus

Lake Umbagog

1907

August 9

I had a talk with Bennett Morse this afternoon but got from him little information of any real value. He married Sias Penlee's sister and they are living, with their daughter, in the old Penlee house near the lake shore in Upton. Bennett's parents moved to this town in 1843 when he was only three years of age. Shortly after this, as he remembers, his father saw a Wolf not far from the lake. Bennett and his elder brother Steve (the locally famous guide whom I used to know) began trapping ~~for beaver skins~~ when they were still but boys ~~as in the early '50's~~, no doubt. They met with only a wayfew Beaver but Otters, Sables, Fishers, and Canada Lynxes were still abundant. When the brothers had grown to manhood they worked in the woods every winter, "logging". Nearly all their companions were natives of the region for that was before the time when the local gangs of lumbermen began to include French Canadians and Nova Scotians. For the first few years only white pines were cut. They occurred almost everywhere, sparingly and locally, excepting on the higher mountains, but most numerously by far on Long Island near the lake. In hauling the logs to the shores only oxen were used - from two to four being yoked to each load. When the pines were exhausted the lumbermen began to cut red spruces but their lumber did not come into general use until after 1860.

Bennett  
Morse's  
testimony



(Camp for the winter at Upton,  
Lake Umbagog.)

Lake Umbagog

1907  
Aug. 9

I called on Bennett Morse this afternoon. He and his wife (Sister Peaslee's sister) are living with their daughter in the old Peaslee house near the lake shore. Bennett's parents moved to Upton in 1843 when he was only three years old. Soon after this his father saw a Wolf not far from the lake. Bennett and his elder brother Steve Morse

Bennett  
Morse's  
logging.

(the afterwards popular guide whom I knew) began trapping in the early 50's when they were still boy boys. They found only a very few Beaver but caught numbers of Otter, Sables, Fishers and Canada Lynxes. When they grew to manhood they worked in the woods every winter, "logging". Nearly all their companions were natives of the region for that was before the time when the lumber bosses began to employ any French Canadians or Nova Scotians. For the first few years only white pines were cut. They grew abundantly on the low, alluvial lands near the lake and very generally - if somewhat sparingly and locally - elsewhere, except on the higher mountains. The logs were hauled to the lake on sleds drawn by oxen from two to four of which were yoked to each load. After the white pines had been exhausted red spruces began to be cut but their lumber did not come into very general use until after 1860.

Lake Umbagog.

1907  
August

A Summer  
Storm.

Like most lakes of similar character and surroundings Umbagog is swept at any season by violent storms. It is the birth place of many of those which arise so suddenly and lastly in midsummer. At the close of a sultry afternoon in July or August one may watch the scattered clouds hurrying together from various directions as to an appointed rendezvous. With almost inevitable quickness they unite into one dark and portentous mass covering a square mile or more of sky. Its first, milky black in places in others lined with green and coppery lights, looks as solid and impressive as that of a mountain wall. Above it the sky is still clear and blue, below and beyond it may be distant mountains still bathed in sunshine. For a brief time it appears to hang motionless in the heavens but at length it advances majestically across the lake tearing up the waters with furious gusts of wind and sending up long sheets of lightning deep into the boiling foam while the accompanying peals of thunder crash and echo on every hand. I have known all this to happen within the space of twenty minutes. After the cloud has passed off to the eastward the sun comes out again to shine on mountains veiled in silvery mist and on the now placid and smiling lake. It is at first such times that the lake appears most winning and that the birds sing most freely and generally in the dripping forest.

## Lake Umbagog

1907  
August

The road leading from Upton to Great first The Great  
descends a long hill from which most of an wide Road.  
reaches and large coves of Umbagog may be clearly traced. (1)  
At the foot of the hill it crosses the state line into  
Cambridge, New Hampshire, where it draws nearer and nearer  
to the Lake and finally abets its shores rather closely  
affording several wide and impressive views of its South  
Arm and many attractive glimpses of blue water seen  
between or just above the intervening trees. Cambridge,  
when I first visited it, was a pitifully poor and  
sparsely populated little town containing less than a  
dozen houses and barely enough adult male inhabitants  
to administer its public affairs. Yet there was then  
a school house and the one and only road was not  
wholly neglected. Now there are almost no permanent  
inhabitants for all the land with the exception of a  
single farm (that on Lakeside) has passed into the  
hands of a powerful lumber company by whom most  
of the trees are felled and the road and its bridges  
kept in repair. The sides of the road are mown at  
irregular times and intervals to keep back the ever encroaching  
trees and bushes. The open spaces thus maintained vary  
in width from four or five feet to almost as many yards.  
They look bare and desolate enough in spring save when  
there are mossy banks or when the purple and the pink  
blossoms display their heavy blossoms among the tangle  
of wild grasses, small weeds and matted ferns which the  
heavy snows of winter have crushed to earth and the action  
of sunlight, of frost and of mountain blacked or blackened.  
But by midsummer all this unsightly wreckage becomes  
overtopped and concealed by fresh growth of the most varied

## Lake Umbagog

1907.

August

and luxuriant vegetation. Before the end of July indeed the road is broadly belted on either hand by flowering herbaceous plants, many or less common, it is true, to the surrounding region and perhaps even to the greater part of New England but here found in rather unusual numbers and perfection and most effectively shown.

Vistas bordered by brilliantly colored flowers are always attractive and when as here there are inner ranks of vigorous shrubs and trees to form a solid background of blended foliage (largely conifer) the effect is doubly charming. Something like it is often attempted by the makers of woodland parks and gardens but their handicraft is too apt to bear the marks of conscious effort and in this and other ways it usually falls short of the success which Dame Nature achieves so easily in dealing with many waste or neglected places.

In Cambridge, as I have said, there is somewhat aided by the hand of man but such assistance as he renders here is indirect of course and quite unwitting. Indeed the sturdy young farmers who build the bridge day by day along their roadsides have no thought beyond that of keeping the public way in fit condition for travel. In their eyes native plants of every kind are too familiar and also too troublesome at times to be ever valued even in places where they are most effective and where they cannot possibly be harmed. But country children delight to find the commonest roadside flowers and city people of whatever age and station seldom fail to find enjoyment in them. Thus despite general neglect or even persecution they continue to bloom in the greatest profusion along most of our New England highways and to give much pleasure to at least a portion of human kind.

The Great Road.  
(2)



1907  
August

The Essex  
Road.  
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One cannot go far in either direction from the hotel at Colchester before coming to places where the narrow, dusty roadway is hemmed in on both sides for hundreds of yards in succession by broad and almost solid beds of wild flowers. These are seen to be alive with dancing bees and, if the sun be shining, with butterflies of various kinds and ~~insects~~ which flap or sail to and fro just above the tops of the plants often alighting - perhaps as many as half a dozen together - on the more attractive clusters of blossoms where they lazily open and close their broad, painted wings. There may be Hummingbirds, too, sipping the nectar of the seductive water as they hover on rapidly vibrating pinions or darting back and forth across the road with their squealing in low protest of our approach.

# Lake Umbagog

1907.

August

The Great  
Road.

41

The plants, as I have said, are largely of common and familiar kinds. ~~Starting~~ <sup>Of</sup> those blooming in July and August buttercups, white wood, white pink and trifolium clover, yellow, larkspur, dog bone, fire weed (*Epilobium*), penstemon, meadow sweet, meadow rue, Joe pie weed, jewel weed, orange hawk weed, downy yellow, orange hawk weed, St. Johnswort, evening, narrow-leaved gentian, turtle head, thistles of both the large and small flowered kinds, and golden rods and others of various species are among the most noticeable and attractive. In this cool and humid region moisture-loving plants ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> confined chiefly to low ground and are often widely distributed. The tall meadows here with its creamy white flowers, the wide-branched jewel weed with its orange yellow ones, and the turtle head with its curious, closed corolla so very like in shape to the head of the rapier which has suggested the name of the plant, grow almost everywhere along these roadsides even on the crests of elevated knolls and ridges and on steeply sloping, well-drained banks. The Joe pie weed and the hellebore are almost equally ubiquitous. But it is only where the road dips down into the bumpy hollow or crosses a brook meadow that one is likely to see the stately Canada Lily bearing its candle-like - like cluster of nodding yellow blossoms above the downy ovary on the full, rose pink husks of that beautiful and fragrant orchid ~~Habenaria~~ <sup>Habenaria</sup> ~~pyramidalis~~ <sup>pyramidalis</sup> half concealed among the lush grass. The white flowered form of the latter plant occurs commonly near Lakeside where I have found as many as half-a-dozen specimens within the space of as many square yards.

# Lake Umbagog

1907

August

Besides these and other wild flowers there are berries not less brilliant and effective which mature by midsummer, such as those of the red hawberry - dark crimson and highly polished - and those of the northern elder - deep coral red in color. The former are borne on loose erect spikes which rise only a foot or two above the ground, the latter in globular clusters almost as large as oranges on large, vigorous bushes. Both add greatly to the attractiveness of the roadside at this season as do also the berries of the dwarf cornel which begin to blush before the end of July but seldom attain the full depth of their clear coral red before the close of August. The white berries of the other species of *Acer* (*A. alba*), and *Cornus stolonifera* being more numerous in September.

The Small  
Road.

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The prevailing colors of the roadside flowers in July are white and pinks or reds of various shades but from the middle of August to the close of September, when the golden rods and asters are in fullest bloom, yellows and purples or bluish purples are the predominating hues. At the latter season the roadside are more brilliantly colored than at any other especially if, as often happens, the foliage of the maples, birches and other deciduous trees reaches the height of its autumnal glory before the wild flowers are all down and blackened by the first killing frosts.

Roller Country.

1907

August

The Great  
Wood.

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Thus far I have said but little of the ferns and grasses although they play an important part in the vegetation of summer and early autumn along roadsides there as there in our little town of Cambridge. One very fresh fern in great abundance the common, interrupted, sensitive, spring, marginal, new York, meadow, Dicksons and Ladys fern and most numerous of all the common garden fern. One of the best ferns (*Phlegmaria phlegmaria*), is very common in places sometimes on banks fully exposed to the sun. Another species (*P. doggettii*) occurs locally but far from the road in deep wet woods. Then of the grasses (*P. radialis*) is generally but sparingly distributed and the last fern abundant ~~ferns~~ where the conditions favor it perhaps habit of growth. I have found only a very few royal ferns although they are common about the shores of the lake. These are all the species I have noticed here but I have no doubt there are others which I have overlooked. The ostrich fern should be among them for it grows abundantly on the banks of Cambridge River and I have seen it in Grafton hotels but not as yet near Hallowell. Of the native grasses I have too slight technical knowledge to speak with any definiteness but ~~on account~~ I have more walked along the Great road without being informed of the fact that they flourish there in great numbers and variety and by the exceeding beauty and delicacy of some of the species.







1907

August

Loake Umbagog

Cougar  
Story.

I am inclined to believe that a veritable Cougar was encountered in November, 1869, less than ten miles to the southwest of Loake Umbagog, by Horatio R. Godwin, former proprietor of the Loake House, and Stephen Morse, for many years one of the leading Upton guides. Both men are now dead. I have often heard them tell the story of their experience which was brief, as follows:- They had penetrated deep into the uninhabited and then heavily-forested township of Jones with the intention of setting a line of traps for Sable and Fisher and were about to camp, just before sunset, at the head of a brook meadow when, at the further end of this narrow spring and nearly half a mile away, they saw a rather large, tawny colored animal moving about among some alders. Believing it to be a Deer Godwin began a wide detour in the hope of approaching it closely under cover. But while he was still buried in the forest it left the alders and crossed the meadow diagonally over a wide exposure of bars a foot or more in depth. Although it passed within long rifle range of Morse he did not fire at it, not caring, as he frankly confessed, to see the risk of merely wounding its formidable looking antagonist with the single charge in his mossed-loading gun. He had a fair view of it, of course, and his description of it tallied at all points with that of a full grown Cougar. Godwin saw it only imperfectly, at a considerable distance, but he examined its tracks closely and his confident assertion that, while certainly those of a huge cat, they could not have been made by a Bobcat (an animal with which he was perfectly familiar) has always carried much weight with me.

1907

AugustLake Umbagog.State andConjugal  
Story

Alva Coolidge of Upton, whose opinion ~~respecting~~ <sup>concerning</sup> any such matter is entitled to <sup>equal</sup> much confidence, believes that a Cougar was seen as lately as October, 1906, in B. Meadows, only a few hundred yards above the falls of Cambridge River, by a hunter from Andover. This man, whom Coolidge considers perfectly trustworthy of statement, asserts that while resting on a hillside ~~that~~ overlooking the meadows, after a long and unsuccessful tramp in search of Deer, his attention was attracted by a movement among the long grass at the edge of the ~~stream~~ river. The next instant a Cat six or seven feet in length, tawny in color, closely furred, with a long waving tail, emerged from the grass and walked deliberately out on a sand or mud bar, where he had an unobstructed view of it. He fixed at it twice but apparently without hitting it although the distance was less than one hundred yards. At the first shot it sprang directly upwards to a height of several feet and then fell about, looking in his direction; immediately after the second <sup>report</sup> it crossed the stream, ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> some fifteen feet in width by a single graceful bound, and then galloped off into the forest, showing itself occasionally among the rank vegetation of the meadows but giving him no good opportunity for another shot. All this happened rather late in the forenoon of a cloudless day when the sun was shining brightly and the light nearly at its best.

I give the story for whatever it may be worth and, as I have already indicated, wholly on the authority of the informant above named, Mr. Coolidge.



Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August.

Yet there are ~~some~~ popular writers, widely read and apparently very generally credited, who assert that it has been their frequent experience, when camping in the remote parts of Northern New England or of western Canada, to meet with the mammals just mentioned and to see them do all manner of strange and wonderful things. Some of their accounts of the habits and especially of the ~~hunting~~ <sup>hunting</sup> habits of these and other animals are so grossly absurd and improbable that they can not believe to do any considerable or at least permanent harm, ~~because~~ <sup>because</sup> they may safely be left to discredit themselves for this they will surely do, sooner or later. The misrepresentation on the part of such writers of the general conditions with respect to animal life <sup>which exist</sup> in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> forests is more dangerous and pernicious because, like most false coloring, it is too vague and subtle, and also too nearly possible, to be easily avoided and ~~consequently~~ <sup>consequently</sup> exposed. Whenever the ~~accuracy~~ <sup>accuracy</sup> of any of their statements are publicly questioned these "nature fakers", as they have come to be called, defend themselves rather pleasantly and effectively <sup>by insisting</sup> ~~they are accustomed to present~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> opinion contrary to their own <sup>if</sup> of necessity, negative in character and bearing of little weight. Because ~~their~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> have not seen this or that is no good reason, they assert, ~~insist~~ <sup>insist</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> it has occurred or may exist. They will suggest that the doubter has not had <sup>favorable</sup> opportunities ~~given~~ <sup>given</sup> to them for investigation and observation or having had them has not made good use of them. If he be a sportsman or a collector they ~~will~~ <sup>delight to</sup> picture him as ~~habitually~~ <sup>habitually</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>carrying</sup> the forest ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> a gun in his hands and the lust of killing in his heart. If he would become really familiar with the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> wood folk and their neighbors ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup>

Nature  
Fakers.  
(1)

1907

August

let him go among them unawares and in a spirit of peace "Native  
and being kinder towards them all. Then he (he could) have taken  
many things which <sup>the fears of guns</sup> ~~would be a~~ <sup>to</sup> do was better and (27)  
cannot be made to believe.

As this and much more to the same effect has been said of late by the "national fathers" when placed on the defensive. They have even hinted broadly that their critics are investigated by unworthy motives, such as jealousy of position and the like. Thus the war of words has raged warmly enough - with justice and indignation still largely on the side of the "national fathers"; it would appear.

There is an old saying to the effect that "a lie well struts  
is as good as the truth". It may seem for a time, at  
least with the general public, who, it is to be feared, like  
sensational matter and are not over particular as to its reliability,  
~~notorious accuracy~~. But no writer, however attractive and  
interesting, who deals deliberately and extensively in fiction  
disguised as truth, can hope to permanently delude his readers.  
Sooner or later the real character of his literary work will  
become generally known and his reputation for veracity forfeited.  
If he be a "native son" his chances of imposing, even for  
a brief time, on natives of long held opinions and on  
readers who have spent most of their lives in the woods,  
are remote indeed. Such men are not easily deceived about  
matters with which they have been familiar since boyhood  
and which concern them deeply. Being generally free from  
that blind trust in self-constituted authority to which the  
uneducated are given and from that indiscriminate  
zeal which is often prompted by the narrow and prejudiced  
mind to distrust ~~about~~ anything foreign to its own experience,  
they are quite able to judge for themselves, with perfect

✓  
1907.

August

Lake Umbagog.

fairness and with reasonable accuracy, as to the general "Nature  
truth or falsity of statements which they hear or read. Their Tastes".  
confidence in an author is not often misplaced nor, when (3)  
over fully given, is it easily shaken. They will readily pardon  
natural mistakes and will even turn indulgently that form  
of honest exaggeration to which the overcultivated are sometimes  
given or those which <sup>results</sup> ~~proceeds~~ from the effort to strongly  
emphasize points which require to be thrown into bold relief.  
In the one case the overstatement is too obvious to do any  
real harm, in the other too effective and too generally  
sanctioned by high authority to be severely condemned. Equally  
legitimate and very pleasing to every one are those graceful  
touches inspired by the imagination with which all really  
good literature abounds. But the written or spoken words  
must at least be based on <sup>accurate</sup> ~~correct~~ observation, on ~~honest~~ sane  
opinion, or on sincere and ~~selfish~~ <sup>disinterested</sup> sentiment, to be favorably  
and confidently received.

✓  
Lake Umbagog

1907.

August

It must be admitted that the "nature-fakers" have "nature fakers" (14)  
atoned, at least in part, for the harm which they have done by interesting very many people — who probably could not have been reached in other and less sensational ways — in the study of nature. In their estimate of animal intelligence, too, they have, I think, come nearer the truth — despite their frequent exaggeration or distortion of it — than have such of their critics as are disposed to deny that any animal except man can possess reasoning powers. Nor is it necessary to assume that even the worst offenders among them are deliberately and consciously untruthful. Much more likely is it that one and all of them are victims of perverted and ill-regulated imaginations or, as Dr. Merriam has suggested with force and probability that they have what Dr. Bright has called "creative memories". Indeed there are excellent reasons for believing that they possess some such fatal gifts by the aid of which — and more or less unwittingly — they build up wonderful structures of false fancy inventing incidents utterly beyond belief and picturing the animals of which they treat in grotesque and misleading terms.

The latter sin has never been committed by Mr. Seton although it cannot be denied that he has too often given rein to a splendid imagination without acknowledging or perhaps realizing the facts. But his Wolf is even a Wolf, his Fox a Fox, and his Hesper a Hesper, however marvellous may be the feats of intelligence or of physical endurance which it is made to achieve. With the hand of the master that he is he depicts all its characteristics of appearance and behavior so



V  
1457  
August

Loose Umbagog.

"Native  
Tales"  
(5)

accurately, so forcibly and withal so very sympathetically that no one at all familiar with the creature can fail to recognize the general truthfulness of his description. Even when his imagination leads him into realms of which neither he nor any other man can have definite knowledge it seldom or never betrays him into using false coloring. He is too good an artist and by far too well trained a naturalist to fall into any such error.

Yet he has been classed with the "native folkies" by some of his critics. It is because of this irregularity that I have mentioned him by name in this connection while avoiding naming any of the others to whom I have referred. After saying all this of him it is perhaps unnecessary to add that I believe the best of his essays will be regarded as classics long after the now popular writings of Britain of his contemporaries and imitators will have quite ceased to be read or even remembered.

1907

Collecting at L. Umbagog  
 I have said the game laws were not  
 much regarded in the Lake during the  
 years ago. Deer and moose were  
 in winter and hunted with traps in  
 summer. Partridge were shot on their  
 breeding eggs in spring and young ducks  
 killed as soon as they became large enough  
 to eat, whether they could use their wings or  
 not. It was openly maintained by the people  
 and within bounds generally that they had a  
 right to take game and fowl at will.  
 whenever they could get it. It was not  
 then held up as the Franklin Squire  
 maintains that for many years, with perfect  
 impunity, he shot any object to which he  
 felt the same principle although illegal  
 killing for the hunter was not considered  
 wrong. Our collecting, especially of the  
 commonest birds, was not considered  
 objectionable. But they were much more  
 than any one. Mr. Squire was in  
 the habit of shooting birds and taking  
 them. He had much influence among his  
 neighbors and as it was agreed on the  
 part of the people that he should be  
 our worst enemy, we were not to be  
 very friendly to him and his party.  
 He was a very good man and a  
 very good hunter and a very good  
 man. He was a very good man and a  
 very good hunter and a very good man.

1907

There is no doubt that the

man who is in the field, although he  
often says by report and was actually  
seen at the office in the  
field, I think that

technical infractions of the laws, if  
committed for some obviously necessary  
or worthy purpose, might often be  
ignored with advantage rather than adhered  
to its general application and approval.  
As he clearly recognized and admitted this,  
there was no harm in his taking  
advantage of any of his non-compliance. There  
was then no permit clause in law  
but collecting - also he should have  
taken advantage of it I think. Mr. Wood  
was equally considerate of native hunters  
and even City of Boston when  
camping in the woods, occasionally  
killed a deer or a porcupine for food  
and made good use of it. But he  
was quite merciless in taking with  
the market hunter and skin hunter  
when he caught red handed and to  
his deal and success in suppressing and  
degradation of the game was due  
very largely to his unrelenting  
action. The numbers of deer and  
moose which took place during the  
period when he was a State  
game warden.

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August 7

Fishes.

Fishes still visit the banks of Cambridge River above the mill and the shores of Lake Umbagog. In the autumn of 1905 Alva caught two of them in one day within a mile of Sunday Cove. He considers them of rather rare occurrence near the lake but thinks that they have not diminished perceptibly in numbers during the past generation of a century. They are restless, roving creatures, always on the move. They do not frequent nor even traverse open country but within the shade of the forest one may find them almost anywhere for their careless wanderings lead them over the summits of the highest mountains and into the remotest recesses of the most remote swamps and river valleys. They prey on Gopher Rabbits and small mammals of various kinds including Squirrels and Mice. Alva doubts if they ever catch fish for they are averse to entering the water but he has found that a trout or a chub is one of the best of all baits that can be used when trapping for them. During his long experience in the woods he has seen but two living, free, Fishes, one at Lake Pennesseque, the other in the Piscataqua River again. The latter was chasing a minnow which escaped by taking to the water and swimming across to a small island. When the Fish came to the river bank it stopped and gave up the pursuit.



Sable Umbagog.

1907.

August 7

Sables are very nearly locally extinct. Two or three were trapped in the winter of 1905-1906 about four miles from the Lake in the township of Canby, New Hampshire. There are perhaps a few there at the present time but certainly none anywhere near the Lake. They are still found not so very uncommonly about Lake Umbagog. They live and hunt chiefly on the ground (Alva was positive as to this) but when chasing Red Squirrels they often climb trees. They haunt, by preference, mountain sides and woods heavily wooded with spruces but also to some extent dense coniferous forests covering level or even swampy country. Alva has never known one to occur on the shores of the Lake but he can remember when they were common on Hampshire Hill. When hunting in Westbrook County, Maine, some twelve or fifteen years ago, he saw <sup>Sable</sup> ~~one~~ following the track of a Rabbit in the snow. Intercepting the Sable he repeatedly drove it up a tree. On each occasion it leaped down to the ground from a height of twelve or fifteen feet, as soon as he left it, and at once resumed its pursuit of the Rabbit which Alva thinks is finally extinct and killed.

Sable

Belle Umbagog.

1907

August 7

The following notes were obtained to-day from Alva Coolidge. I took them down as he gave them to me and, for the most part, in words his own words. Unless otherwise specified they relate to the region immediately about Belle Umbagog.

Mammals

Skunks were abundant thirty five or forty years ago but Alva has not seen the track of one anywhere in the lake region for twenty years or more. What caused them to disappear from it he cannot imagine. They were there or trapped. They were as deficient in scent as to be unable to follow the trail of a man or any other animal or even to smell a salted bait. They lived chiefly on Rabbits and were occasionally given to hunting or worrying for Alva has seen the tracks of them or four close together and looking in the same direction.

Canada  
Squirrel

The first Bay Squirrel known to have been taken was shot about 1899 by a son of Jonathan P. West. It was walking along the top rail of a fence that borders the <sup>(Back Street)</sup> road. Mr. West has the specimen mounted and I have examined it. A year or two before it was killed Alva had seen tracks which he thought to be those of Bay Squirrels. He finds them now in winter in many locations and considers the animals common. He has trapped them of them during the past few years. Like the Skunks they live chiefly on Rabbits and are quite unable to follow a trail by scent or to detect the presence of a bait. They are wholly fearless of a trap and if it can be placed so that they are likely to step in it are easily caught.

Bay Squirrel

# Loake Umbagog

1907

August 7

Sunny and warm with light S.W. wind. Two thunder showers in the evening.

Cambridge  
River and  
B. Meadows

I spent the day up Cambridge River with Alva Coolidge. The chief object of the trip was to ascertain what changes, if any, had taken place since my last visit and to the characteristic trees, shrubs, flowering plants, ferns etc which grow on or very near the banks of the stream. The day was simply perfect for such an expedition, just warm enough to be delightful, with a light breeze. We went up as far as the "stacking place" in the middle of B. Meadows where we ate lunch. It was rather too hot there for the river was bordered by beds of rank grass which intercepted the breeze. But after we reached the woods on our way back the temperature in the shade was just right for comfort. As we alternately paddled and floated down, spending most of an afternoon between the Flacks and the Mill, the river seemed to me, if anything, more beautiful than ever before. I was agreeably surprised to find it so little changed. The forest on the high ridge bordering B. Meadows on the north has been cut but nowhere else did I detect any recent cutting in the forests by the lumbermen. The south side of the meadows is still broadly belted with "black growth" and there a very many fine tall balsams and white pines close to the river below the Flacks. Taken as a whole the scenery on the way from the Mill in Upton to the head of B. Meadows has changed very little in the past ten years whereas the about Lake Umbagog has undergone very general and deplorable change, at least where the forests are around near at hand.

We saw deer tracks everywhere. In a barrel pit in a spring we found a large Skunk and a fox grown Hare, which had been caught a long time. Alva thought the Hare was in the barrel pit and was deliberating to get at the Hare.





# Little Umbagog

1907  
August  
(no 3)

likely to be <sup>surprised</sup> ~~offended~~ within close range of the arm or open grass for even the shyest of them our ~~olden~~ <sup>would</sup> ~~avoid~~ of the approach of a skillfully paddled canoe until it rounds the turn, perhaps within a few yards of where they are brooding in the sun on some sand bar or swimming or wading in the shallow water.

All this may be said with equal truth of other rivers in other lands but the Cambridge has a charm peculiarly its own. This I find difficult to analyze and quite impossible to describe. For one thing it has sweet, undefiled water - by no means a common condition in these days when saw-mills, pulp mills and saws are permitted to clog and pollute so many of our water courses. For another its pools and reaches are brightened in summer by golden water lilies of unusual beauty, in autumn by rafts of brilliantly-tinted <sup>drifting</sup> ~~fallen~~ leaves.

Now is it often that one can find a stream so narrow and winding which can be so easily and safely navigated <sup>by the canoeist</sup> ~~by small~~ ~~boats~~. Its greatest width does not exceed fifteen or twenty yards and in many places is not half that number of feet. Yet even when the water is at its lowest a light boat may be paddled up to the Falls and beyond without difficulty.

As I glower over what I have just written I perceive that it ~~quite~~ fails to do the Cambridge River justice. Is its charm too ethereal and elusive to be expressed in words? Or should I have mentioned the alternating lights and shadows that play on its placid waters; the gutty curving bars of silver sand ~~that~~ below its rapids turns; and the beds of lupine, graceful ferns, ~~at~~ <sup>swaying</sup> ~~floating~~ <sup>swaying</sup> grasses and of ~~hundreds of~~ flowering plants of various kinds, that line its banks? The broad crested elms and narrow pine-shaped spruces, and ~~forests~~ that rise against the sky above all this wealth of herbaceous vegetation, <sup>forming the flowing pathway</sup> ~~along both sides of the~~

1907

August 7

(no 4)

of the river with masses of rich and varied foliage also play a prominent part. Perhaps it is because of these and similarly <sup>obvious</sup> attractions that the quiet little stream is impressive all who visit or frequent it, even the native guides and hunters. But I like to believe that the sense of mystery, of remoteness, of blessed peace and tranquility and of almost unearthly beauty which it inspires, proceeds from something far, much deeper if not quite beyond human ken.

1907

Aug. 7

(1855)

Just above the Forks the scene changes abruptly. Here the river divides into two branches one of which rises in the upper part of Grafton notch, the other in C. Pond. The former is navigable only about two miles above the Forks. The latter can be ~~followed~~ in a light boat given to its lower.

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August 8

Hollis J. Abbott of Upton, a man <sup>first</sup> reputed by his friends and neighbors to be scrupulously settlement accurate and reliable of statement, has just given me of the an interesting account of the first settlement of the region about Lake Umbagog. It is based, he tells (1) me, on information which he obtained when a youth by questioning original settlers many of whom, including his grandfather, Enoch Abbott, were then living. He wrote down what they told him and the manuscript remained in his possession for a number of years but was finally lost or destroyed. He assures me, however, that he still remembers its contents very distinctly and that the dates, as well as all the other particulars, which he has communicated to me can be relied on. They are as follows:-

Previous to 1823 there were only a very few white men about the lake. All of them were hunters and trappers some of whom built camps or even rude log houses and "squared" for longer or shorter periods on land of which they made no special use and to which they acquired no legal title. Nicholas Hoyt was the first real settler in Upton or "B. Plantation" as it was then called. In 1823 he took up a farm and built a house on East B. Hill. In 1824 Hiram Goud settled where Jack Butler now lives. Enoch Abbott came in September of the latter year. He was granted land for three separate farms on condition that he erect and maintain a saw mill and a grist mill at the mouth of Cambridge River.



Lake Umbagog.

1907

August 8

The saw mill was soon in operation, supplying the  
 meaning settlers with white pine boards and timbers  
 which they used in the construction of their houses  
 covering the roofs with long hand split shingles of  
 the same cheap and abundant wood. Abbott lived  
 for a time in a log cabin but this was soon replaced  
 by the Umbagog House, a framed structure, which, with  
 the mills, was inherited by his son William J. Abbott,  
 whom I knew. The earliest settlers of Upton came chiefly  
 from Andover, Maine, in 1824 and 1825. The first party  
 "swampit" (i.e. built roughly) a road passable for carts as  
 they advanced through the forest. The farms about the foot  
 of the lake in Cambridge and then on the lower Megalloway  
 were cleared and built upon not much if at all later than  
 those in Upton but by people who came mostly from Newry  
 and Bethel over a blazed trail that followed the valley  
 of Sunday River for a considerable distance and entered Upton  
 by what is now known as Black Street. Those who pushed  
 on to the lower Megalloway reached it <sup>from Upton</sup> by means of a  
 path which led through the Lyke ~~pass~~ and past the  
 head of Sunday Cove. This afterwards became a rough  
 road which is still traceable in many places although  
 long since abandoned and grown up to trees and brush. It  
 crossed Rapid River below Cedar Swamp Landing by a  
 wooden bridge whose substantial stone piers are still intact  
 and in fairly good preservation.

As will appear from what I have just written the  
 settlement of the country about the foot of Lake Umbagog  
 was accomplished within a very few years and apparently  
 between 1823 and 1826 or 1827. Indeed I am assured  
 that nearly all the farms existing there at the present

First  
 Settlement  
 of the  
 Region.  
 (2)

Lake Umbagog

1907.

August 8

time under cultivation before 1830 or 1835 when some  
then occupied have since been deserted and permitted  
to revert to nearly their primitive condition. Indeed it  
is not improbable that the total area of cleared land  
is now less, rather than greater, than it was sixty  
or seventy years ago. This is certainly true of the upper  
part of the lake which is now everywhere bordered by woods  
and frequented only by shoremen & fishermen whereas there  
was once a flourishing farm at the head of the Tyler  
Cove and near Bowditch Pond a large barn in which  
coarse hay, cut in the marshes about the outlet, was  
stored for winter use.

First  
Settlement  
of the  
Region.  
(3)

Lake Umbagog.

1907.  
August 8

Wolves.

Jonathan P. West, who was born on Sweet A. Hill in 1832 and has lived in Upton ever since, tells me that he has never heard a Wolf howl nor seen so much as the track of one in the forest. Hollis J. Abbott assures me, however, that his father Charles Abbott (son of Ebenezer Abbott who built the mill near the mouth of Cambridge River) caught two Wolves at the same time in a steel trap which he and Melathus, the Indian chief, had set near the northern end of the Lake. They believed it was thought that the two animals were either playing with one another or fighting over the bait, where they stepped into the trap. One was caught by a hind foot, the other by a fore foot. This happened about 1835: not long afterwards and perhaps during that same year these Wolves crossed the road together in plain view of Charles Abbott as he was working, on coming, from the mill to the school house on Upton Hill. Hollis Abbott remembers, also, that Thomas Wright, another early settler, used to tell him of experiences which he (Wright) had had trapping Wolves when he first came to Upton. Mr. Abbott agrees with Mr. West in thinking that most of our Wolves would have disappeared from the region immediately about our Lake before 1840 and perhaps by 1836 or 1837. The very latest record of local occurrence which I have been able to obtain and in which I have full confidence rests on the authority of Benjamin Hemen who informs me that his father saw a Wolf in or near Upton not long after the family had moved there from Newry in 1843.

1907

August 9

Brilliantly clear with light W. to S. W. wind. Just pleasantly cool.

I sailed, in my canoe, over to Upton this afternoon to note down on the spot the following description of the Laker House and its surroundings and <sup>the</sup> memories and associations which the sight of this once famous place suggested or revived.

It was built first by Mr. Frost 1854-1866 / <sup>then by William Godwin and Abner Wood 1866-1888</sup> then by Horatio R. Godwin 1868-1876 and finally by Charles S. Ripston 1876-1888. The Laker House was built by Simon F. Frost about 1854. <sup>for more than thirty years, occupied by Mr. Frost up to 1866</sup> It was <sup>as a public house</sup> ~~used by him~~ until 1876 when it was bought by Horatio R. Godwin. <sup>who in turn was succeeded in 1887 by Charles S. Ripston (up to 1888).</sup>

It stands on a grassy, boulder-strewn knoll about seventy yards from where Cambridge River, after applying the force of its waters to the wheels of the ancient mill built by Euseb Abbott about 1825, descends a short rapid and then winds sluggishly through broad marshes before emptying into the lake. The house is now unoccupied and somewhat neglected. Its clapboarded walls, once painted white, are fast turning gray and a few of its windows have broken panes. Otherwise it has changed but little since <sup>(Horatio)</sup> Godwin left it although it was after his departure, I believe, that the covered piazza, originally confined to the front ~~entrance~~ side of the house was extended across its back and, perhaps by Ripston. Godwin was a good and very popular host. In his day the lake swarmed with waterfowl and trout and the table was bountifully supplied with them and with Wild Pigeons, Partridges and other game obtained in ~~from~~ the neighboring forests. At the height of the shooting and fishing seasons the house literally overflowed ~~at times~~ with guests, chiefly sportsmen and fishermen who came and went across the lake and by way of the stage road to Bellis, then traveled daily by a well appointed Concord coach drawn below the notes by four and above it by six, spirited horses,



Loake Umbagog

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[no. 1]

Loake House

the pride of Clark Littlehale who owned and drove them. Those were indeed stirring and happy days, when one might meet at the Loake House all manner of interesting and even distinguished men most of whom, however, tarried but for a single night before pressing eagerly on into the more remote and supposedly attraction wilderness of woods and waters just to the northward or returning, not without evident and very natural reluctance, to their professional cares and duties in cities far to the southward. Especially memorable and, I trust, also most unforgettable, were the evenings spent in the little office, a room only about fifteen feet square, at the south-east corner of the house. It had on one side a Franklin stove with andirons (now in my possession); on the other a small ~~hand~~-made writing desk and a wooden wash-stand equipped with bowl, pitcher, towels and plain brown soap. <sup>These were</sup> ~~all~~ in fragrance and very general use for there were then no germ theories in circulation to disturb the minds of timid travelers. The sink, the desk, the door and window casings, and a chair rail running around the room, with the wide floor boards, deeply indented by the "corks" of the wine drinkers, who thronged in in spring when the logs were passing, were all of clear white pine, then a cheap and abundant wood. All the woodwork, except that in the floor, which was painted gray - was "grained" and of a generally brownish yellow color. The plastered walls of the room were dingy, white and wholly unadorned save for a brief time in early autumn, when they usually bore one or more posters advertising county fairs about to be held in Bethel or Norway, and illustrated by gaudily-colored pictures of rearing stallions and impossibly straight bodied oxen.

If the room was often somewhat too thick with tobacco smoke and perhaps also overheated by the Franklin stove no one minded these trifling discomforts for it was at just

Loke Umbagog.

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(no 3)

Such times that the talk flowed most freely and interestingly. . . .  
Brilliant lawyers, learned college professors, sportsmen of wide field  
experience in this and other lands, and fishermen famed for  
their skill in casting the trout or salmon fly, all took part  
in it by turns. So too did professional guides and native  
hunters who mingled freely and on equal terms with the  
other guests. It was good to look into the honest rugged  
faces and upon the picturesque weather-beaten attire of  
these backwoodsmen. If their stories of adventures with  
moose and bears seemed at times a little overdone they  
were, as a rule, men who lived too near the haunts of  
nature and who were too mindful of the liberal hunter, when  
speaking ~~and~~ seriously, to ~~be~~ deliberately deceive any one seeking  
sincerely ~~desiring~~ accurate information regarding the game and  
the animals which they pursued. But when it came to  
a contest at game spinning, in the presence of what seemed to them  
— as indeed it often was at the table house — a worthy and  
inspiring audience, they were put, as it were, on their mettle and  
somewhat given, I fear, to drawing rather freely on their imaginations.  
Most of them wore sober-faced, homespun clothes and broad-  
brimmed slouch hats fittingly adorned by a few feathers  
colored, artificial flies hooked in the band or crown. They  
came and went through the forest <sup>at all hours and almost</sup> ~~with~~ as confidently and  
almost as quickly by night as by day, usually following  
the foot paths that led to Middle Dam, a distance of about  
twelve miles. When, <sup>I watch</sup> the sleek, pampered guides so common at  
the present day, rowing listlessly in cushioned boats or lounging  
in the wheel houses of single shouers, I wonder if they, like their  
fathers, ever tramp cheerfully a dozen miles or more <sup>by night</sup> over a blind  
trail, perhaps after a long day's work and in a heavy rain storm,  
on no more pressing errand than that of making an important

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Lake House.

letter or renewing the camp supply of milk or of tobacco. But the old-time guides are not ~~as yet~~ all dead ~~as yet~~ nor even crippled by rheumatism — and ~~among~~ among the younger ones ~~are~~ many still <sup>be</sup> found, ~~every now and then~~ a few <sup>of this stamp</sup> a man cast in the primitive mould, hardy, truthful, self-reliant, too conscientious to shirk their work and too self-respecting to covet <sup>of this stamp</sup> ~~find~~ in respect towards those who treat them lightly. Such a guide <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ worth <sup>[his hire?]</sup> ~~three~~ the compensation he receives and fortunate indeed is the sportsman who secures him.

The dining room at the rear of the Lake House was long and narrow with a low ceiling and four large windows opening towards the lake. In the earlier times its table, as I have said, rarely lacked fish and game. At a later period, when the house had passed into other hands and when animal food of whatever kind was now always to be had I was alone at table one day when a tall unsmooth-looking countryman entered the room and seated himself directly opposite me. Just then the maid brought in an attractively roasted ~~black duck~~ and placed it beside my plate. I was about to offer some of it to my vis-a-vis when he deliberately stretched out a long, sinewy arm and impaling the bird on his fork transferred it bodily across the table to his own plate. Although it was the only duck I had for a week or more I was too much surprised and shocked at the incident to make any remonstrance.

The office connected, by means of an entry, with a room of about equal size situated in the opposite (i.e. south-west) corner of the house and serving as its parlour. Like most rooms devoted to this kind of purpose in the summer hotels of New England it was carpeted and furnished with such other lack of good taste and with so obvious a striving for elegance of a not

two expression kind as to be far less attractive than the office. Little House  
~~other and simpler forms of the house~~. But in it the waves  
 and other features, showing of the spirit, were not of the same  
 were shown by established and seldom visited custom to  
 spend their evenings, reading, sewing, chatting with one another  
 or perhaps playing on the cabinet organ.

The whining, growling sounds of this organ often disturbed me at my writing for my chamber was directly over the parlor. It was an attractive, simply furnished room, never sufficiently shaded from the sun by the foliage of a tree and commanding a wide view over the marshes. From my west windows I could trace all the windings of the river <sup>that</sup> ~~as~~ it flowed through them, either by its shining waters or by the lines of flocks which fringed its banks. There was (and still is, of course) a muddy pond several acres in extent, surrounded by open marsh and not over two hundred yards from the house. This was much frequented by large wading or swimming birds. After one dressing of a morning here I watched the Great Horned Owls stalking along its shores, flocks of Ducks swimming and diving in its shallow waters and Fish Hawks dropping like huge plummetts on their prey. The chamber over the office was almost equally desirable. In the rear of these rooms were two others of much larger size but ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> less pleasing outlooks. The only remaining chambers were four or five small ones, in the fore with dubious windows, <sup>under</sup> the attic <sup>roof</sup> where transient guests found such comfort as they might. Usually they were quite content, <sup>there</sup> especially when, as not seldom happened, some of their companions were obliged to put up with cot beds put up in the hall <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ blankets spread on the hay mats in the fore.





Lab. Humberg.

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Golden Horse

pleasing. Its chief interest lay, I think, in the immediate foreground. This ~~contained~~ <sup>included</sup> several ~~primitive~~ <sup>primitive</sup> objects, among which were the old <sup>ret</sup> farm house and mill building erected by Enoch Abbott and then occupied by his son William J. Abbott. <sup>The latter continued up to the time of his death,</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~included~~ <sup>included</sup> such travelers as wished to shelter themselves under his roof with good if plain fare, and for a very moderate compensation. Walter Brackets the artist ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> always stayed there when he came to the Lake to fish as he often did in the old days, ~~peccated~~ <sup>He had in one corner of the</sup> ~~adorned~~ <sup>adorned</sup> one of the panels of the front door with an admirable oil painting of a Cape tent which ~~resisted~~ <sup>opposed</sup> the effects of wind and weather for many years but was finally destroyed by fire, with the house, about 1883. The fire, though to day, did not materially, or at least permanently injure the Cape paper brick which, when I first saw it and for sometime later, was completely encircled at its base by the outer shell of an immense pine stump from the top of which the brick had originally sprung. The saw mill was a long, low shed of primitive construction, and so nearly open on two sides towards the Golden Horse that we could watch the big logs slowly moving against the tremendous teeth of the alternately ascending and descending saws, ~~that cut them into boards or planks.~~ The first mill appeared to belong to a lumberman later type of architecture, <sup>than the saw mill</sup> but it may have built at the same time and after words unmodified. Just below these mills was a rude wooden bridge over which the road to Upton Hill crossed the river and above them a placid mill pond about which swallows circled by day and night hawks in the early evening. Beyond the pond lay the deep, ~~past~~ <sup>into the heart of</sup> boundless forest, ~~through which the~~ <sup>which one could penetrate</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>by following</sup> the lower of the river the ~~ground~~ <sup>ground</sup> and of which we could see through one prairie tree little save the outer canals of trees. Above them all towered an enormous cedar pine on which Eagles & Fish Hawks loved to perch.



Lake Umbagog.

Ball House.

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I have mentioned a wooden bridge that crossed the river below the mill. The gently curving stretch of road just beyond it had on its right a narrow belt of ~~low-lying~~ woods and a little back school house, then the only building; on its left a broad ridge covered with young aspens and balsams, pine, birch and some in higher and more exposed places many alders. They were christened "the Swains" by Mr. Maynard & Chase. He, with all the other ornithologists of the section, always found them places rich collecting ground and many seen birds and chosen sets of eggs were taken there, between 1875 and 1880. The vigorous young conifers attracted numbers of Woodpeckers in every season and in early spring often swarmed with them. On one occasion I shot eleven Cape May Warblers there in a single morning. Many of the birds had their summer homes in the young forest through which the Cambridge River flowed, <sup>visiting</sup> and ~~about~~ <sup>more often with occasionally parties</sup> the ~~house~~ <sup>to seek some particular kind of food or to bask in the sunshine</sup>. But the number and variety of birds which roamed among the "Swains" was by no means small.

Thus far I have been writing in the past tense and of  
~~have not~~ yours.



# Lake Umbagog

1907

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No 101

Lake House.

Thus far I have been writing in the first tense and ~~stating~~ chief, of things long since gone. I will now return to the present and transcribe here some of the notes that I jotted down roughly this afternoon.

As I sit on the front piazza of the Lake House I marked that the outlook is so little changed. The foreground, in view of the island and beyond by pine branches and of shrubs, the dilapidated corner of a barn, and a pile of debris of various kinds are to speak of a recently ended and long obliterated past. The corner is big and old and the wooden bridge across the stream; the opening of a road; the ditches, and grass into large trees and among them a few houses. The square two-story front with painted yellow and low, unpainted saw mill on its rear, above them the mill pond with the Swallows skimming over it as if you; and beyond the pond the tops of spruce of tall spruce and balsams, the broader heads of spruce pines and the gleaming white trunks of old canoe bushes half obscured by foliage of various kinds. In this picturesque view, only the huge dead pine on which Eagles and Herons used to perch. As I wait the words I hear the cry of a Great Blue Heron and looking up see delighted to see no less than five of these majestic birds flying in company over the pond towards the lake.

The Umbagog House is gone, of course, and its cellar hole, if it was not one, of which I am not certain has been filled and grassed over. Tall plum bushes and wild saplings of various kinds grow all around what was once the garden. The canoe bush which sprang from the top of a pine stump by the front door of the house is now fully sixty feet high by two feet through just above the ground. It is green and

Water Umbagog.

1907

August 7  
1907

Regions still bare of the shrubs which formerly were clothed it. Water House  
at the base only a single oak with fragments remains in place.

Glancing towards the barn belonging to the Water House I see that it wholly unchanged and that under its eaves the Cliff Swallows nests cluster as thickly as ever. To the right of it I see the tall sedges waving over the bog and the dragon flies hovering just above them. Beyond are the hills and ridges still for the most part dark with the foliage of spruces and balsams although the one nearest the house has been deprived of most of these trees. In the shed attached to the E. of the house clear, cold water brought from a spring through a narrow lead pipe continues to overflow the moss-covered, wooden tub in which we <sup>used</sup> ~~have~~ accustomed to keep living trout.

Passing around in the front of the house I note that the fields and pastures on Upton Hill have been extended in places and ground formerly occupied by woods but that in other respects they appear essentially unchanged. The grassy slope stretching from where I stand to the river, seven fifty yards away, is studded with the blossoms of buttercups, red clover, white clover, yarrow and thistles, just as I remember it many years ago. I miss the noble white pine that once stood at the boat landing but its companion, an equally fine elm that shaded the foot of the rapids where we used to fish for trout, is still in its original place although it has lost not less than two of its living branches and is evidently nearing its end.

I now move to the west side of the house to find the vines from there wholly cut off by trees and bushes of various kinds that have sprung up in and around the neglected garden and by a large shed, recently planted there. But from a little house



1907

August 10.

1907. *Pinus borealis*

Aug. 10. Owing to its relatively small size, to its irregular and straggling habit of growth, and to the extreme shortness of its needles Borealis Pinus bears an interesting and very close resemblance to *Pinus mitis* of the Middle States. Indeed I doubt if the two could be certainly distinguished from one another, if growing together, unless an observer was very near them. At Umbagog *Pinus borealis* is very readily confined to the shores of the lake rarely occurring more than one hundred yards back from higher water marks. It seems to prefer wind-swept points and islands where the ground is stony and rocky and where there are few if any trees of other kinds. In such exposed situations it rarely attains a height of more than thirty or forty feet and is much given to growing ~~as a very low and flat topped tree~~ rather than upwards. I have seen specimens ~~as a very low and flat topped tree~~ which are a ~~few feet high and in certain lights they~~ ~~look like~~ ~~small shrubs~~ ~~which only~~ ~~their shape~~ ~~distances~~ ~~from each other~~ might be easily mistaken for ~~small shrubs or apple trees~~ ~~But when stimulated by exposure~~ ~~to the wind and by the competition~~ ~~for exposure with other trees~~ ~~which crowd it closely~~ ~~Borealis Pinus~~ ~~may shoot upward to a considerable height~~ ~~much greater than these~~ ~~small shrubs~~. ~~There is a~~ (over)



1907

August 10.

a little back from the shore.

When still standing on B. Point  
 opposite Salside, ~~that~~ <sup>it</sup> seems almost  
 dead ~~water~~ <sup>is</sup> fully 70 feet in height and  
 with a clean straight trunk about 15" in dia. <sup>3 ft from</sup>  
~~base~~ <sup>then</sup> where a number of other ~~trunks~~ <sup>trunks</sup>

remains as large on Metabon Island before  
 the ~~land~~ <sup>land</sup> was cleared and removed  
 by its present owner, Mrs. Dyer.

only a few years ago. A still larger  
 number of even finer specimens of this  
 species were growing in 1899 and  
 having to state for myself I think to  
 the best of my knowledge at the heart of the  
 Upper Cove where during the year  
 just mentioned I examined this  
 tree measured feet in diameter  
 near the base of the trunk and  
 was in an ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> and deep

forest for a full day.  
 Although, as I have said, growing chiefly  
 on rocky points and islands Barts Tree  
 may be found, at least sparingly, almost  
 anywhere on the shores of the lake  
 save where they are so low as to be  
 subject to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> wind's attack even their  
 trunks are not always ~~unbroken~~ <sup>unbroken</sup>. It is often  
 broken for a ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> ~~distance~~ <sup>distance</sup> and  
 very few ~~trunks~~ <sup>trunks</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~lake~~ <sup>lake</sup>  
 which ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~large~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~pleasing~~ <sup>pleasing</sup> to the  
 eye, especially when bathed  
 in sunlight.

3. The color of the foliage is deep ~~red~~ <sup>red</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~yellow~~ <sup>yellow</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> 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1907

Aquatic Insects.

August 12.

1907

Lake Umbagog

Aug. 12

Aquatic insects

A still, warm, cloudy morning.  
 Crossing the widest part of the lower  
 lake (in opposite direction) I  
 find it dimpled everywhere, even  
 in the very middle, by the restless  
 movements of innumerable water  
 spiders or Skaters as they are  
 called. They look smaller than  
 those we have near Cambridge and  
 seem lighter and more active of  
 movement. As I sit working down  
 from my canoe a fresh breeze from  
 the S. W. reaches the lake &  
 imparts its surface freshening every  
 moment. This is overboard the  
 Skaters disappear. They may have  
 been frightened away, or, now  
 all are gone more or less is uncertain  
 since the lucky bugs (which I do see  
 in this morning although they are  
 common in the lake) they are found  
 bottom after all. I find them floating  
 in great swarms in those balsam & cedar  
 & drift wood where the current  
 flows strong.

1907

Aquatic Insects.

August 12.

## Aqualis Invisi

Diogenes, who may be classed  
with the great sages, is a person  
living long ago, second the matter  
and not known in the  
many are concerned with the  
the matter in human and society  
nature. So too is a large  
species of "gigantes" which speaks  
most of its life under water,  
where it keeps immovably, a  
certain fixed position, waiting  
small fishes. The spots on  
account the coming flies of  
flies in some great case will  
often hear, not long after dinner,  
the loud buzzing sounds produced by  
the wings of one of these huge water  
beetles as it flies slowly and for a  
while slowly, as later flights from a  
reed place ~~the~~ it has just climbed  
out length it gets slowly under way  
and, after being in a considerable  
length in a brief coming about  
often a few lines and looking

1907

Aquatic Insects.

August 12.

✓ over the forest,  
 mostly, as I think, for  
 some distance from a river. There  
 is grass and many beetles in  
 the water. It is very muddy. Insects  
 in the water should be given to the  
 water, especially the water in the  
 water of water in the water.

## ✓ Aquatic Insects.

### Ephemera!

Then there are the Ephemera,  
 - feeble, ~~feeble~~, foolish, swimming  
 insects, born and bred in the  
 water yet doomed to perish in  
 it at the last. They vary  
 in size and are <sup>noted</sup> ~~noted~~ of  
 several different species. The largest  
 are more than two inches in  
 length and not unlike grasshoppers  
 in general appearance. Although  
 reputed to live but a single day  
 one may see them almost any time  
 in summer, fluttering or <sup>probably about</sup> ~~clinging~~ <sup>on</sup>  
 the water. When they settle on the  
 they hold their transparent, net-like  
 veined wings up over their backs, as  
 the Field Plover upraises his wings for  
 a moment just after alighting.  
 With the first frosty morning of early autumn  
 they die by thousands staining the surface  
 of the water with their black,  
 water-soaked bodies. These are  
 eaten by certain fishes and, I think, by  
 a few kinds of birds.



1907.

August 12

Loake Umbagog

White Pine

Practically all the old-growth white pines remaining about the Lake stand on or very near its shores where they have been left alone. Through accident or because they are unbound. They seldom occur near together (except at Pine Point) and I doubt if there are more than one hundred in all. Growing well above the others trees and often to heights of more than one hundred feet they are singularly picturesque and pleasing objects especially when seen against a background of sky or water. Their lateral branches are usually very short and in trees growing on exposed points they can often grow quite to the ground. These trees have a much wider spread of branches near their bases than at their tops and not infrequently the top is the broadest part. This tendency to columnar-shaped or flattened heads is very characteristic of <sup>old</sup> forest-growing <sup>white pine</sup> ~~species~~, wherever found. We rarely observe it in eastern Massachusetts where the trees usually have sufficient room to spread out broadly near the ground - and take advantage of it. Nor is it shared by the few scattered, solitary pines which have escaped the western forest fires about the shores of Lake Umbagog and which give us promise of ever clearly revealing their interesting characters. It is a pity that means cannot be taken to preserve the few remaining specimens of the Lake but it is to be feared that this will not be done and that for long the last of them will have ceased to wear their green branches over the waters of the Lake.

Little Umbagog

1907.

August 16

We have about the same three species of Spruces, the Red, the White and the Black Spruce. Of these the species first named is by far the most abundant and also the most widely distributed although it does not thrive in swamps or where the land is subject to inundation. It has a loose sprawling habit when first grown. Even when found in open pastures its branches are usually unsymmetrical and comparatively widely spread excepting in very young plants some of which are as densely branched as any White Spruce. The green of its foliage is commonly tinged more or less strongly with olive and sometimes appears almost pure olive but never shows any trace of bluish or glaucous. The trunk is scaly-barked and of a grayish brown color.

Spruces

Red Spruce

The White Spruce loves swampy places and attains its finest proportions when the surface soil is habitually wet and regularly inundated in spring. It seems to thrive best in rich bottom lands such as those along Cambridge River between the river and the Falls, where it occurs very numerously and where I have seen trees at least seventy or eighty feet in height. It is found only sparingly if at all on well drained slopes covered with primitive forest but where heavy and perfectly dry ground has been cleared and devoted to pasture it often springs up very commonly among the other more numerous Red Spruces and Balsam Firs. In dense, damp forest it sends up a narrow, slightly tapering or perhaps almost perfectly columnar head often above the tops of all the surrounding trees. In such situations it is more thickly branched than any of the Red Spruces or Balsams and its foliage is always tinged with bluish. The young trees growing in open pastures are branched quite to the ground and very broad

White Spruce

Lake Umbagog.

1407.

August 16

at the base. This foliage, as a rule, is more uniformly dark than that of any other fungus found in New England. It is usually bluish but in the pale colored specimens not unlike those in many regions young Boltons for which, indeed, young White Spores may be easily mistaken when seen on a distance. But the blue tinge of the latter species are quite unmistakable and sometimes almost if not quite as blue as the finest Colorado Spores. At least this seems to be true of some which are before my eyes as I sit writing these notes in a high position near Lakeside. Their lamellae, as I recall, have a decided rusty-yellowish or flesh colored tinge not seen in the young Red Spores which grow among them and which have brownish stems perhaps slightly but more conspicuously tinged with redness. I think the lamellae of old forest grown White Spores are commonly much redder than those of Red Spores but this impression I cannot verify here as there are no specimens of the former on hand for comparison.

White Spores

In the region about Umbagog the Black Spores appear to be wanting on the shores of the Lake, on the borders of its connecting rivers and throughout the upland forests. Indeed I have found it only in <sup>thick</sup> plate, ill-drained, pretty open places, locally known as bogs, where the cold, dark surface soil is saturated with water at any season and thickly carpeted with moss. Here it grows commonly enough in company, perhaps, with other species or sometimes even in close association with other kinds of them. It seldom grows as a good <sup>has dark somewhat bluish green foliage and</sup> taller than thirty or forty feet. In shape it is not unlike the White Spores but it usually takes more rapidly towards the top and is

1907.

August 16

Black Umbagog.

Black Spruce

Less evenly branched when its outlines are sleekly  
if not grossly unsymmetrical. The form it is apt to be  
a decidedly shaggy and unkempt-looking tree especially  
if, as is frequently the case, it be plentifully draped with  
blackish, brownish or gray-green lichen and streams of Usnea.  
Nevertheless it could not well be spared from the common  
and solitary tops when it flourishes for its presence  
adds very greatly to the interest and picturesque  
many of them have been visited by roving bands  
of Caribou and some of them still harbor a few  
Spruce Grouse. The only other birds which regularly frequent  
them are Swamp Sparrows, White-throated Sparrows,  
Hudsonian Goldfinches and other-tailed Nighthawks.



1907.

July and August.

- 1907 (1) Lake Umbagog. <sup>L. = Lakeside</sup> <sup>U. = Upton</sup> (1)
- July
- ✓ Mirula nig. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  26 $\frac{1}{2}$  27 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  12 $\frac{1}{2}$  early morning
- ✓ J. pallasi 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 August 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  do 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  at 10 do 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  do 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  early morning 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ J. swainsoni 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ J. fuscescens 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 30 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ Anortha hy 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ Regulus sat. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Sitta car. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Parus atr. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  26 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Hel. rufig. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ Parus hudsonicus 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ Parula 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Miniotilta varia 24 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ D. coronata 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  5 $\frac{1}{2}$  12 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ D. caerulea 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ D. maculosa 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  7 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ D. pennsylv. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do in apple tree

- 1907 Lake Umbagog (2)
- D. blackburni
- ✓ J. swainsoni 26 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Sylvania can. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  13 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Setophaga rut. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  27 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  10 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Geothlypis ph. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  10 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ G. trich. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ Spinus am. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  do
- ✓ Spinus mont. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  7 $\frac{1}{2}$  9 $\frac{1}{2}$  10 $\frac{1}{2}$  11 $\frac{1}{2}$  12 $\frac{1}{2}$  13 $\frac{1}{2}$  14 $\frac{1}{2}$  15 $\frac{1}{2}$  16 $\frac{1}{2}$  17 $\frac{1}{2}$  18 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$  22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  26 $\frac{1}{2}$  27 $\frac{1}{2}$  28 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Vireo ol. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  6 $\frac{1}{2}$  7 $\frac{1}{2}$  9 $\frac{1}{2}$  10 $\frac{1}{2}$  11 $\frac{1}{2}$  12 $\frac{1}{2}$  13 $\frac{1}{2}$  14 $\frac{1}{2}$  15 $\frac{1}{2}$  16 $\frac{1}{2}$  17 $\frac{1}{2}$  18 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$  22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  26 $\frac{1}{2}$  27 $\frac{1}{2}$  28 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Vireo sol. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Ampelis ced. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$   
 Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  6 $\frac{1}{2}$  7 $\frac{1}{2}$  9 $\frac{1}{2}$  10 $\frac{1}{2}$  11 $\frac{1}{2}$  12 $\frac{1}{2}$  13 $\frac{1}{2}$  14 $\frac{1}{2}$  15 $\frac{1}{2}$  16 $\frac{1}{2}$  17 $\frac{1}{2}$  18 $\frac{1}{2}$  19 $\frac{1}{2}$  20 $\frac{1}{2}$  21 $\frac{1}{2}$  22 $\frac{1}{2}$  23 $\frac{1}{2}$  24 $\frac{1}{2}$  25 $\frac{1}{2}$  26 $\frac{1}{2}$  27 $\frac{1}{2}$  28 $\frac{1}{2}$  29 $\frac{1}{2}$  30 $\frac{1}{2}$  31 $\frac{1}{2}$
- ✓ Perisoreus 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  Aug. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

1907.

July and August.

907-      Later Umbagog

(3)

✓ *Loxia calanda* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 ✓ *Carduelis juv.* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *S. pinus* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *S. pinus* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Junco* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 ✓ *h. cal. cal.* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 ✓ *Sporus* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Zonotrichia* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Passer* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *h. cal. cal.* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Loxia* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Loxia* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Passer* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Dolichopus* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>  
 ✓ *Agelaius* 23<sup>20</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>5</sup> 26<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>3</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>  
 Aug. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>12</sup> 9<sup>10</sup> 10<sup>15</sup> 11<sup>15</sup>

1907

Lower Umbagog L. = Lakeside  
H. = Union

(4)

[illegible]

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

July and August.

1907

Lake Umbagog

♂ = male  
♀ = female

July

(5)

- ✓ *Trochilus col.* 23! 25! 30! 29!  
Aug. 6 <sup>1 egg</sup> ♀
- ✓ *Chaetura* July 23! 24 30 33 12  
August 28! 29! 30! 31! 12! 12!  
August 28! 29! 30! 31! 12! 12!  
August 5! 7! 9! 10! 12! 14! 15!
- ✓ *Actitis macularia* Aug 5! 6! 2! 9!  
Aug 5! 6! 2! 9!
- ✓ *Buteo lat.* 23! 25! 29! 30!  
Aug 18! 19! 20! 21! 22! 23! 24! 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Pandion car.* 23! 25! 29! 30!  
Aug 1! 2! 3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10! 11! 12! 13! 14! 15!
- ✓ *Corvus corax* 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Haliaeetus leucophthalmus* Aug 3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10! 11! 12! 13! 14! 15! 16! 17! 18! 19! 20! 21! 22! 23! 24! 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Syrnium nebulosum* July 31! 20! 14!
- ✓ *Ardea herodias* Aug 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10! 11! 12! 13! 14! 15! 16! 17! 18! 19! 20! 21! 22! 23! 24! 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Megascops asio* Aug 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10! 11! 12! 13! 14! 15! 16! 17! 18! 19! 20! 21! 22! 23! 24! 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Asio sp.* Aug 6! 7! 8! 9! 10! 11! 12! 13! 14! 15! 16! 17! 18! 19! 20! 21! 22! 23! 24! 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Clangula clangula* Aug 7! 8! 9! 10! 11! 12! 13! 14! 15! 16! 17! 18! 19! 20! 21! 22! 23! 24! 25! 26! 27! 28! 29! 30!
- ✓ *Larus argentatus* Aug 14!

Concord, Mass.

1907.

Aug. 20

When I awoke this morning the sky near the horizon line in the East was glowing with the light of approaching dawn but the woods still slumbered in almost total darkness. Two birds were calling to one another among the oaks on the hillside just above the cabin, both uttering a note familiar to me since boyhood but concerning the authorship of which I have been hitherto in doubt. It is a short, staccato cry, commonly misapprehended but not infrequently divided into two syllables, given with either a rising or a falling inflection, usually clear and resonant but sometimes guttural and occasionally even harsh or strident. Although thus variable in form and tone it possesses nearly always a wild, almost weird quality which makes it a peculiarly interesting and indeed attractive sound. It is so very loud and penetrating so is every fully a mile when the air is still and it is positively startling in its abrupt intensity when coming from near at hand. I have heard it only by night and observed on Golden Umbagog late in August or early in September when heavy flights of Woodpeckers were passing. Often when lying awake in my tent at Pine Point house I listened to it for hours in succession, studying its alternating variations of inflection and intonation and speculating fruitlessly as to the identity of its author. On these occasions it came invariably from birds which quite evidently were on wing as, no great height above the tree tops and moving slowly southward. During dawn nights they seemed to be passing in endless procession far away in close companionship.

Bald's Hill.

Night call  
of Veery



Concord, Mass.

1907

Aug. 20  
(No 2)

Night Call  
of Very

This I inferred from the fact that it was exceptional to hear more than one of them in any given direction at any one time and especially so for many minutes to elapse when none were noted. Not infrequently the last faint call of one that was just passing over of exhort in the northward would be almost immediately followed by the faint and often cry of another, approaching from the southward. Flying thus singly, at widely spaced intervals, yet perhaps within distant hearing of one another, mingling their crisp, incisive voices with the fluter hissing ones of innumerable migrating warblers, the mysterious birds would journey almost exclusively southward along aerial pathways lighted only by the moon or by myriads of twinkling stars. Their calls, <sup>which</sup> were seldom given oftener than once every eight or ten seconds and sometimes much less frequently, reminded me by tones of those of catbirds of our woods, of the autumnal note of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak and of the loud, explosive cry of the Crested Flycatcher. On the whole, however, they resembled most closely the night calls of the Hermit Thrush. Indeed I was inclined for a time to refer them to that species until I learned that the birds making them habitually departed for the South before many, if any, of the Hermits had left their breeding grounds. This consideration ruled out Swainson's Thrush, also. The very I did not think of even as a possibility, for it is the least common of the Thrushes which breed about Balls Blodgett and I have hitherto had no reason to suspect that it was so common in autumn as a migrant from regions still farther north. That this must be the case, however, will appear from what I am about to add concerning the experience referred to in the opening sentences of this entry in my journal.

Concord, Mass.

1907

Aug. 20

(No 3)

The two birds heard, early this morning, in the night call  
oaks near the cabin called almost incessantly for ten <sup>identified</sup> as that  
or twelve minutes, giving practically every variation known of the  
to me of the sounds which I have just described of the  
such length. As the light increased I noticed that <sup>very</sup>  
their notes were changing gradually and beginning to  
resemble those of Wilson's Thrasher. At length one of  
them uttered an unmistakable call of that species  
- the ordinary peep, so like the sound of a man  
whistling to his dog, or Hensleigh puts it. This was  
soon followed, on the part of both birds, by other  
notes equally characteristic of the Veery, among  
them the low vibrating or jarring cry. Thus  
the solution of a mystery that has puzzled me  
for many years has at length been vouchsafed me.

The birds heard on this occasion became  
silent before it was broad daylight. I think  
they were migrants that had arrived and  
settled among the oaks just before I awoke.  
That they made all the sounds which I attributed  
to them is beyond question. Equally certain is  
it that the cries which they gave at first were  
the same as those which I have heard so often  
at Lake Umbagog and which evidently represent  
the night call of the species. As far as I have  
observed it is uttered by the Veery <sup>only</sup> at night  
and during migration but ~~this~~ <sup>it</sup> may be subject  
to exceptions for the corresponding and closely similar  
call of the Hermit is sometimes given by day,  
even when the birds are still on their breeding grounds.

Concord, Mass.

1907  
Sept. 26

Brilliantly clear with cold, strong N. W. wind.

Yesterday morning two young of Sharp-shinned Hawks appeared over our flower gardens chasing one another and playing together in the air precisely like noisy Goldfinches. Both alighted near together, at the same time, in the big oak just above the back of the barn as I was standing in the driveway. They looked so innocent & harmless as big doves & seemed no fear of me.

Sharp-shinned  
Hawks kill  
& devour

a Blue Jay.

A very different experience with a bird of similar appearance yesterday morning. As I was walking down our lane I heard in the closely wooded run to the right of the road a series of hurried notes in obvious succession of agonized cries such as all small birds seem to utter in almost precisely the same tone & key when driven by a Hawk. Following up the sounds (ch-ch-ch-ch etc) I reached the edge of the cover where they seemed to originate, where I stopped & peered in through the leaves. The next instant I saw the Hawk, a young of Sharp-shin, standing erect & still on the ground under a big holly. Just before it another bird that looked almost as big as a Pigeon was twisting about and rising to wings as if badly hurt. The Hawk presently attacked it again tearing (with beak only) at its feathers & plucking down one by the handful. For nearly five minutes when the Hawk first bird continued to struggle & cry most pitifully although during the latter part of the time I could see that the Hawk was losing out & gradually becoming flustered & was losing flesh instead of feathers. Not once did it use its talons or its feet unless at change its position on the ground although it sometimes fluffed its breast wings with a slow waving motion probably to keep its balance while hopping out

1907

Sept. 26

(No 2)

an especially large pair of flesh. At length the cries of the victim & its struggles ceased on almost the same instant. I then left the spot & hurried to the house for my gun. When I returned I got only a floating glimmer on the Hawk as it rose and flung off like a feather through the trees. It would have escaped off its prey for I searched the ground closely without finding anything save a pile of feathers and two pieces of ~~bone~~ <sup>chicken</sup> ~~chicken~~ <sup>bone</sup> as broad as the palm of my hand. The feathers were those of a New Jay. I could not see the latter very distinctly while watching its struggles but it seemed to me to be lying face downward all the while & not making any resistance. But on first there was something in the attitude & motion of the Hawk which seemed to betoken that it was standing partly on guard. Soon on it appeared to me to fairly revel in the savage joy of gorging itself on the living flesh, and to be utterly indifferent to the agony of its victim or perhaps even to itself in it.

Perhaps I have not described with sufficient definiteness the cries which the Jay uttered. They were not in the least joy-like but rather resembled the scolding plaint which <sup>gives</sup> a Red-eyed Vireo when its nest is in danger. They had a different quality from that, however, suggesting extreme physical anguish rather than mere anxiety or apprehension. As I have said many if not most small birds utter cries very similar to those when they are seized by Hawks.





Concord, Mass.

1907

Sept 27

(No 2)

Then Mr. Forbush arrived at the farm house this morning he told of having just seen four Deer together in Birch Field. Early in the afternoon he saw a single one at the edge of the Swamp just below the orchard. The animal was small, the others of full size, all were does.

Dear in  
our woods.  
Forbush saw  
four, I

About 4 P. M. I started for Birch Field hoping to get a sight of some of these Deer. Pat Conway overtook me at the road. The hills and part of us entered the woods my first terror, however, joined us. He had surely reached the big pine where a Deer stood on our right and ran across the opening to the left. It appeared as a thing of good wood, when I was joined by another of about the same size and a massive later by a third much less. I took both the larger animals to be a full mature does. One of them was very pale colored (and of good yellowish) and its coat looked thin & ragged as if it was moulting. The other was a light reddish color with the white, dark black. This I can account to as the animal was being run in a great light. The other two standing near it. The young one had the same color as the other. Although these Deer were so close to me and I was not at all shy, they were as shy as for fully two weeks. Within half an hour, the pale, moulting looking doe who appeared to be the leader of the three stamped with her right foot many times as if to say "I am over the advanced a few paces". All the while we looked in her turn & they protested in high notes. At length I let her go & she sprang forward at top speed. Then the Deer threw up their "flags" and bounded off but at his great speed. Immediately the little dog did not allow them to go. The Common Brute within her throat. Prick that - a large brute on his morning about a week ago.

Concord, Mass.

1907

Oct. 2

Clear with light N.W. wind. A hard frost in early morning. Middle of day deliciously warm.

While we were at breakfast this morning (7 a.m.) a House Wren appeared in the shrubbery within two yards of the windows on the rear of the farm house and began eating the fruit of the snow berry bushes there. I saw him flick and swallow several of the large, round snow-white berries. Mr. F. Osborn tells me that this is new to him.

Late this afternoon - in fact not long before sunset - I heard a Woodpecker drumming at short regular intervals in the big elm in front of our barn. Following up the trunk (which was reported at least a dozen times) I found the bird to be a male Downy. This is the first time this autumn I have heard a Woodpecker drum. The afternoon was warm & nearly windless.

A Partridge drummed a number of times early this forenoon at the foot of Beaver Run. I have not seen a single bird of this species since June 7 & this is the first time I have heard one drum this autumn.

Scarcely Partridges are scarce here. Those that were seen here before were very distinctive.

A Catbird was singing late evening most delightfully but in an undertone in the busy portion near the pond. Its notes were given from above a whistler but they were exceedingly sweet & tender.

Aquila chrysaetos.

1907,  
October 30.

Andover, Me.

Vocal notes.

I saw John Thayer's Golden Eagle to-day (in Lancaster, Mass.) . It is in superb plumage and has lost practically all trace of white in the tail. It was a young bird not long out of the nest when he got it at Andover, Me., and he has had it nine years. It frequently utters a hew-hew-hew-hew-hew-hew-hew, rather mellow in tone and suggesting the call of a hen Turkey. This cry is the only sound Thayer has ever heard it make. The tone is varied somewhat as are the number of notes.





Concord, Mass.

1907.  
Nov. 23

Morning brilliantly clear with keen, rather strong N. W. wind but bright sun sometimes. The wind fell early in the afternoon and after an interval of quiet came a light, easterly breeze with drifting clouds and permanent chilliness.

To Concord for the day, taking the R. R. train from Boston and leaving it at West Bedford.

On reaching the woods by the river I found in them a small mixed flock of wintering birds consisting of four Chickadees, two Golden-crowned Kinglets, a Brown Creeper and two White-throated Nuthatches, both apparently neals for both had full black caps.

Launching the little cedar canoe I paddled across the flooded meadows which were wholly free from ice (although frozen over last week, I am told), and up the channel of the river as far as the Beane Dam Rapids. It was sunny and warm under the lee of the wooded hills that here bound the river on the north and the morning light was remarkably clear and strong bringing out the russets and dark purples of the oak foliage and the blackish stems yellow or yellowish brown of the grasses along the edge of the water. For a time, indeed, the coloring was very rich and pleasing, if somewhat subdued, but later in the day it faded, almost to a monotone, as the light waned and the sky clouded over. As I skirted the shore of Balls Hill I heard Chickadees and a Nuthatch (perhaps the same pair with across the river) and saw two Blue jays flitting about among the oaks. Two

Concord, Mass.

1907

Nov. 23

Nov. 21

Crows were flying low over the submerged meadows alighting, every now and then, on bushes or on floating weed-ops. There must have been a *Fox Sparrow* in the bushes near the cabin for I found one there in the afternoon. There were all the birds I saw or heard anywhere near the river.

Walking in the lower part of the cabin I walked to the farm by way of Pine Ridge, Barnard and Birds Field proceeding slowly and stopping often to look about and listen. During this walk I found Goldfinches in one place and juncos in another one but was not a single one of any kind.

On reaching the farm I first struck in the open air in front of the Barnyard where *Houseflies* and *Housebees* were buzzing about and alighting on the ground. Next I went to the *Bees* Pasture which seemed to be quite barren of bird life. The ground was full and a considerable volume of water was flowing over the stone dam.

*Houseflies*  
& *Housebees*  
still on.

Returning to the house I was standing in front of it talking with James when I saw a *Harold* coming from the apple orchard. As it passed just behind and very close to, the pigpen house, within perhaps fifty yards of me, I saw distinctly that it was a fully adult ♂ *Goshawk*. After it had passed behind the house and approached to the westward of the big apple by the road I had a hard a firm view of its upper parts through my glass as it crossed the open fields towards the *Saltwater* woods. In the sunlight the clear, pure sky coloring of its back wings and tail showed very plainly and I could see

*Goshawk*



Covead, Mass.

1907.  
Nov. 23  
(No 3)

Goshawk

Saw two dark markings on the side of the head.  
Altogether the identification was perfectly satisfactory,  
and quite conclusive. Never before have I had an adult  
Goshawk so long in view under conditions so favorable  
for observing it. The bird was evidently one at way  
from our house to another and not looking for prey.  
Flying at a height barely sufficient to clear the tops  
of our apple trees and somewhat below those of our  
elms it passed almost over our tempting flock of  
Plymouth Rock fowls without deigning to notice them  
and one of the pigeons crossed its line of flight.  
It looked as large as a big Red-tailed Hawk and  
like that bird heavy-bodied and broad-chested but  
the long tail suggested the Accipiter. It moved in  
a perfectly straight course, alternately flapping and  
gliding, much in the manner of a Butor and was  
most simply I thought. Its wing beats were easy  
and seemingly almost effortless. I doubt if Cooper's  
Hawk ever flies in so leisurely and easy and  
so comparatively slowly. This is the first Goshawk  
I have heard of this season. They were very  
numerous throughout New England last autumn &  
winter.

I found a small hemlock in the woods near Pulpit  
Rock that had recently been almost completely stripped of  
its bark and of many of its branches also. This was  
evidently the work of a small Deer, a young one apparently,  
whose tracks were all about the spot. I noticed the  
foot prints of a large buck in the snow path at  
Balds Hill.

Deer.



Concord, Mass.

1907

Nov. 23

(No 4)

In very many places that I visited to day the sandy soil was dotted with the foot prints of Skunks and I found one grassy spot where these animals had been digging for crickets very recently.

Skunks.

I saw Gray Squirrels about the farm house and on Holden's Hill while I passed on my way back to the river. A Red Squirrel was chattering on Pine Ridge and I heard another in the Pulpit Rock woods. The Chipmunks have probably gone into winter quarters for I noticed no signs of them anywhere.

Squirrels







Journal, 1907.

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